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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A.B. FROST.
1897.

WHAT HAPPENED?—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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The letter which appears elsewhere from Mr. Arnold White, who is known as a publicist of distinction, and whose acquaintance with public and literary men of Europe is wide and intimate, is the first of the communications which Mr. White will send to the Weekly as its regular London correspondent.

It is explained by a French diplomatist that Lord Salisbury is not deserving of the condemnation which is visited upon him for his recent concessions to France as to Tunis, but that nearly twenty years ago, as compensation for Beaconsfield's duping of France as to Cyprus, Salisbury promised Waddington that England would recognize Tunis as within the proper sphere of French influence in Africa.

It is well that the friends of a national bankruptcy measure are so soon beginning to work to secure the enactment of the Torrey bill, or of something like it. The business interests of the country are sorely in need of a bankruptcy law that will be fair to both debtors and creditors, that will not subject distant creditors to the annoyances of differing State laws, and that will also permit unfortunate debtors to make a settlement and to resume business without great delay. The Torrey bill is such a measure, and it has also the virtue of providing an inexpensive proceeding.

In filling the vacancy caused by the retirement of Justice Field, Mr. McKinley ought to seek his successor on the bench. The Supreme Court ought to be composed, so far as practicable, of judges who have served and gained their experience in the lower courts, and who have thus shown their fitness for promotion. In many cases, by reason of the very small pay of Federal judges, service in the lower courts is a sacrifice on the part of a good lawyer, and although Supreme Court salaries are not princely, the honor attaching to the place is great, and it ought to be the reward of faithful and distinguished service on the bench.

There is a good deal of trouble in Austria-Hungary growing out of the question as to the renewal of the compact between the two elements of the empire. So fierce is the quarrel between the Germans and the Hungarians, and so great has the jealousy become between the Germans and all other races subject to Francis Joseph, that it is not surprising that there should be talk of suspending the constitution. It is a curious and interesting fact that the Emperor William II. has been able to promote, if not to originate, the unpopularity of Germans beyond the boundaries of his own dominion, and among people who ten and twenty years ago willingly submitted to German rule.

Among the most refreshing incidents of the municipal campaign in New York was Mr. George's promises that he would try to bring Croker and Platt before the Grand Jury on criminal charges if he were elected Mayor. No one who knows Croker's career, from tunnel tough to prize-fighter, from prize-fighter to boss, from boss to rich horse-racer, doubts that Croker ought to be in prison. Platt, too, is strongly suspected of blackmailing. It would be wholesome for the city, and for politics throughout the country, if some one would hunt up the evidence against the two bosses and secure their conviction. We cannot have good government until public rogues are in danger of meeting justice behind the bars.

There is one point in connection with the views of the mission of our bimetallic troubadours that needs clearing up. In the memorandum of foreign (not imaginary) conversations that took place in Downing Street between the troubadours and the statesmen, it is noted that the wandering Wolcott agreed, on the part of the United States, to a ratio of 15½ to 1. Now all our silver men insist on 16 to 1, and last year they tumbled into the ditch while trying to seize this moon with their teeth. When did Congress grant to Wolcott the power to fix the ratio, or to the President, for that matter, the authority to instruct his commissioners to do so? Can it be possible that there was a tendency on Wolcott's part to cause himself and his band to be taken too seriously by foreign potentates and gold-bugs?

Although war, we hope, is very distant, every reasonable American will agree with what General Miles says in his annual report as to the folly of our remaining "in a condition of insecurity." Congress has already appropriated $28,000,000 for coast defences, and will undoubtedly appropriate many millions more. Even now, however, there are not enough artillery regiments to take proper care of works already established and equipped. It seems to be agreed that at least two more regiments of artillery are needed, and it is to be hoped that Congress will authorize the addition to the army. Expensive forts and modern armaments without men to handle or care for them, and expensive ships without docks for cleaning or repairing them—this is the Congressional record on the subject so far, and it is not one of which the country is proud.

It is announced that Postmaster-General Gary will make an effort to secure the establishment of postal savings-banks the chief feature of his administration. Some of Mr. Gary's predecessors have been enamoured of this project, and all who advocate it base their arguments on the success of the systems that have been adopted in England and on the continent of Europe. The fact is, however, that there is here no lack of private institutions for savings, and no institutions in the country are more solvent. There is therefore not the necessity here for the postal savings-banks that there was in England, France, Belgium, and the other countries where they have been a success. Moreover, we ought to be directing all our energies to withdrawing the government from the business partnerships in which it has become involved. It is already looked to by too many people as the guardian and promoter of their pecuniary interests.

If the Washington *Evening Star* is correctly informed, the Vice-President of the United States has entered into a disgraceful partnership for the purpose of furthering a bad object. The present head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Mr. Claude M. Johnson, is a gold Democrat, and voted for Mr. McKinley. In view of the notorious ingratitude of the Republicans towards their allies, without whose aid Mr. McKinley could not have been elected, it is not surprising that the vote that Mr. Johnson cast for the Republican candidates of 1896 should not protect him from the spoils-hunting of Platt. But it will be a little surprising if Mr. Hobart, one of the candidates, shall show such execrable taste as to join in the chase. It is said, however, that Platt, and J. W. Hayes, of the Knights of Labor, want Mr. Johnson's position for one George J. Corey, of Chicago. In order to gain its object, not only has this partnership once more to demonstrate Republican ingratitude to gold Democrats, but it must persuade the President to except the sought-for place from the operation of the civil service law. If the conspiracy be accomplished, the conduct of the President and Mr. Hobart will be worthy of remembrance. From Platt nothing better was to have been expected.

Senator Gorman is moved to words by the effective assaults which have been made upon him by the Baltimore *Sun*, and has addressed a long and feeling letter to Mr. Abell, the head of the company owning that paper. In this letter he insists that he and his organization constitute the Democratic party in Maryland, and that war on him is war on Democracy. This is the attitude of all "bosses." It is that of Platt and Croker as well as of Gorman. It is interesting, however, to note that Mr. Gorman in this letter shows that in his mind a party is not an organization for the support or the establishment of principles. He admits that he is "opposed to what you term 'civil service reform,'" although his party has declared in favor of it more than once; that he is opposed to the "Australian ballot law"; and that he fought the Wilson bill in the interest of greater revenue, meaning thereby in the interest of the Sugar Trust. In other words, Mr. Gorman believes precisely in the political principles of Thomas C. Platt, and belongs to the Democratic party simply because in Maryland the Democrats are almost always in the majority, having recently lost the State merely because of his leadership. There is really only one party to which Gorman and Platt, Croker and Quay, and all that kind could properly belong, and that would be a party every member of which might be at liberty to sell his so-called principles or opinions on any subject of importance, so long as he remained faithful to the party on the great subject of public loot.

The Executive Department of the government has been asked to move the postponement of the sale of the Union Pacific Railroad under foreclosure. The reason for the motion was an offer by a second syndicate of a bid larger than that of the first syndicate. Under the bid of the first it was agreed that the government should receive $50,000,000, the total debt of the main line of the road to the government being about $58,000,000. The competition between bidders has resulted in saving the government whole, for the first syndicate offered the additional $8,000,000 to prevent postponement. But much of the clamor against the agreement with the first syndicate was the noisy chatter of politicians and newspapers that are ready to charge dishonesty against any public transaction involving the transfer of money or property, and that, as a rule, are absolutely incapable of suggesting any method in place of that which they condemn. Most of the opposition to the sale of the Union Pacific property came from men like Senators Morgan and Harris, who are in favor of turning over the management of the road to the government. How capable are these statesmen and their colleagues to deal with railroads, or any business proposition, is demonstrated by the failure of Congress, after trying for years, to adjust the money differences between the creditor government and the debtor railroads. Experience has taught us to believe that about the costliest experiment which could be made by the government would be the attempt to manage the Pacific railroads with Congress as a board of directors and the Commissioner of Railroads or the Secretary of the Interior as president. The foreclosure of all the government's interests in all the subsidized roads would be a profitable escape from the danger of government ownership.

THE SPANISH REPLY.

Spain's refusal to ask or consent to our intervention in her difficulties with Cuba ought not to be a surprise; certainly it calls for no resentment on our part. It should not have been expected that she would openly and in set terms admit our right to interfere between herself and her colonies, especially at a time when, with new men at the head of affairs and with a new policy towards Cuba proclaimed, she hopes to put an end to the insurrection by a grant of reforms, and to thus retain possession of her island. When the time comes for intervention, if it ever should come, it is more than likely that we shall be obliged to take the unpleasant step against the will, and perhaps notwithstanding the resistance, of Spain. It is a much more profitable occupation for us at present, instead of expressing indignant amazement because of Spain's refusal to call us in at once, to examine carefully our own attitude and our own duty in this important matter.

Spain complains of our filibusters, and of the failure of our government to prevent their departure from our ports. This complaint was to have been anticipated, especially in view of the fact that the counsel for Spain has for a long time been diligently gathering evidence to be used in support of claims for damages which Spain will make against us on account of these expeditions. Nevertheless, we believe that the complaint is not well founded. It is true that a great deal of sympathy for the Cubans is felt and manifested by the people of this country. But the government cannot be held responsible either for the sentiment or its expression. As Mr. Bayard wrote to Minister Valera in 1885, "This government does not and cannot undertake, as I have shown, to control the workings of opinions, sympathy, and affiliation of sentiments, and the expression thereof is not punishable in this country by law." We are bound to exert our powers, however, to prevent the fitting out in our ports of armed expeditions, bearing in mind always that our merchants have the right to export and sell to the Cubans even arms and munitions of war. The degree of our responsibility and of the care which we are bound to exercise is not easily defined. Under the three rules laid down by the Geneva tribunal we are obliged to maintain a surveillance over suspected vessels, and to police our harbors and coasts to prevent the departure of warlike expeditions, and to arrest them if they escape. Although the validity of the three rules as establishing a permanent principle of international law has been questioned by jurists, and was not assented to at Geneva by the representatives of Great Britain, it is quite probable that this government can establish the fact that its executive and judiciary departments have really exercised due diligence within the strict meaning of that term as interpreted by the lawyers.

Mr. Cleveland was certainly most diligent, and not only issued in 1895 a formal proclamation warning the citizens of the United States "to abstain from every violation" of the laws of the country against active participation in the insurrection, but in 1896 invited much and violent criticism, and even charges of undue partiality for Spain and undue hostility towards a people struggling for their liberties, by issuing a second proclamation, asserting that some American citizens and others within our jurisdiction seem to "fail to apprehend the meaning and operation of the neutrality laws of the United States," and declaring that all violations of these laws would be "vigorously prosecuted." In pursuance of this determination of the President, United States marshals and district attorneys have been especially active, both in Mr. Cleveland's and Mr. McKinley's administrations, to prevent the departure of filibustering expeditions, and to convict them after seizure. To this end large sums of money have been expended and a fleet of vessels has been maintained in our Southern waters. Moreover, so far as we know the facts, the marshals and patrol fleet of the United States have been much more successful in apprehending filibusters than the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters has been in preventing the landing of those that have escaped. The law department of the government has also been diligent, and as effective as may be in view of the sentiment of the people from whom jurors must be drawn. We are bound to do our utmost, under our own laws, to secure conviction for this offence, which is an offence against our own laws; but whether we are responsible for jurymen is another question. Morally and in fact the government is not responsible. It is not bound to do more than it can do, and it is quite likely that an international tribunal would refuse to award damages to Spain because United States juries found against her, notwithstanding the conscientious discharge of his duty by the President, the efforts of the United States district attorneys to secure convictions, and the proper interpretation of the law by United States judges.

Another important consideration at this time is as to our duty in view of the declaration by the new Spanish government that it is its intention to give to Cuba autonomy in the form of a large measure of home-rule, including control of taxation, tariff, and the finances of the island generally. In his message of 1896 President Cleveland said: "It would seem that if Spain should offer to Cuba genuine autonomy—a measure of home-rule which, while preserving the sovereignty of Spain, would satisfy all rational requirements of her Spanish subjects—there should be no just reason why the pacification of the island might not be effected on that basis. Such a result would appear to be in the true interest of all concerned. It would at once stop the conflict which is now consuming the resources of the island, and making it worthless for whichever party may ultimately prevail. It would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor, which will be consulted rather than impugned by the adequate redress of admitted grievances." In the same message Mr. Cleveland announced that he had communicated to Spain the willingness of this government to secure the acceptance by the Cubans of a "satisfactory measure of home-rule" by furnishing to them a "guaranty of its execution." In a word, this country has promised to aid Spain to establish autonomy, not only by passive sympathy, but by active co-operation, if the Cuban insurgents will only accept autonomy on the guaranty by the United States of its execution. It may be that the Cubans will refuse autonomy as a satisfactory conclusion of the insurrection. In that event the government of the United States is still bound by the promise implied in these words of Mr. Cleveland's message: "It [a grant of autonomy] would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor." Assuredly this statement in a President's message ought to prevent our interference in behalf of the insurgents, at least until the offer of autonomy shall be found ineffectual to stop the war. Not to wait until the new experiment has been tried would amount to a breach of faith. It is probably true that a "continuity of foreign policy" is impossible under a democratic form of government; but a continuity of honorable dealing and of common good faith ought not to be impossible. Mr. McKinley has the power to disregard this promise, but he cannot do it without impeaching the honor of the country. He may disagree with Mr. Cleveland, but when Mr. Cleveland wrote these words as part of his formal official message to Congress he was President, and as between the United States and Spain his promise is the promise of the country. Therefore we are committed as a nation to stand aside while Spain endeavors to pacify the insurgents and to retain her colony by an offer of autonomy; and, more than that, to aid her, if we can, by furnishing to the Cubans a guaranty that the system of autonomy offered, if satisfactory, shall be executed. We are inclined to think that Mr. McKinley will take this view of his duty, because any other view would be immoral—as immoral as would be the continuation of Jingo screeching while Spain is painfully trying her belated experiment.

THE COLLAPSE OF BIMETALLISM.

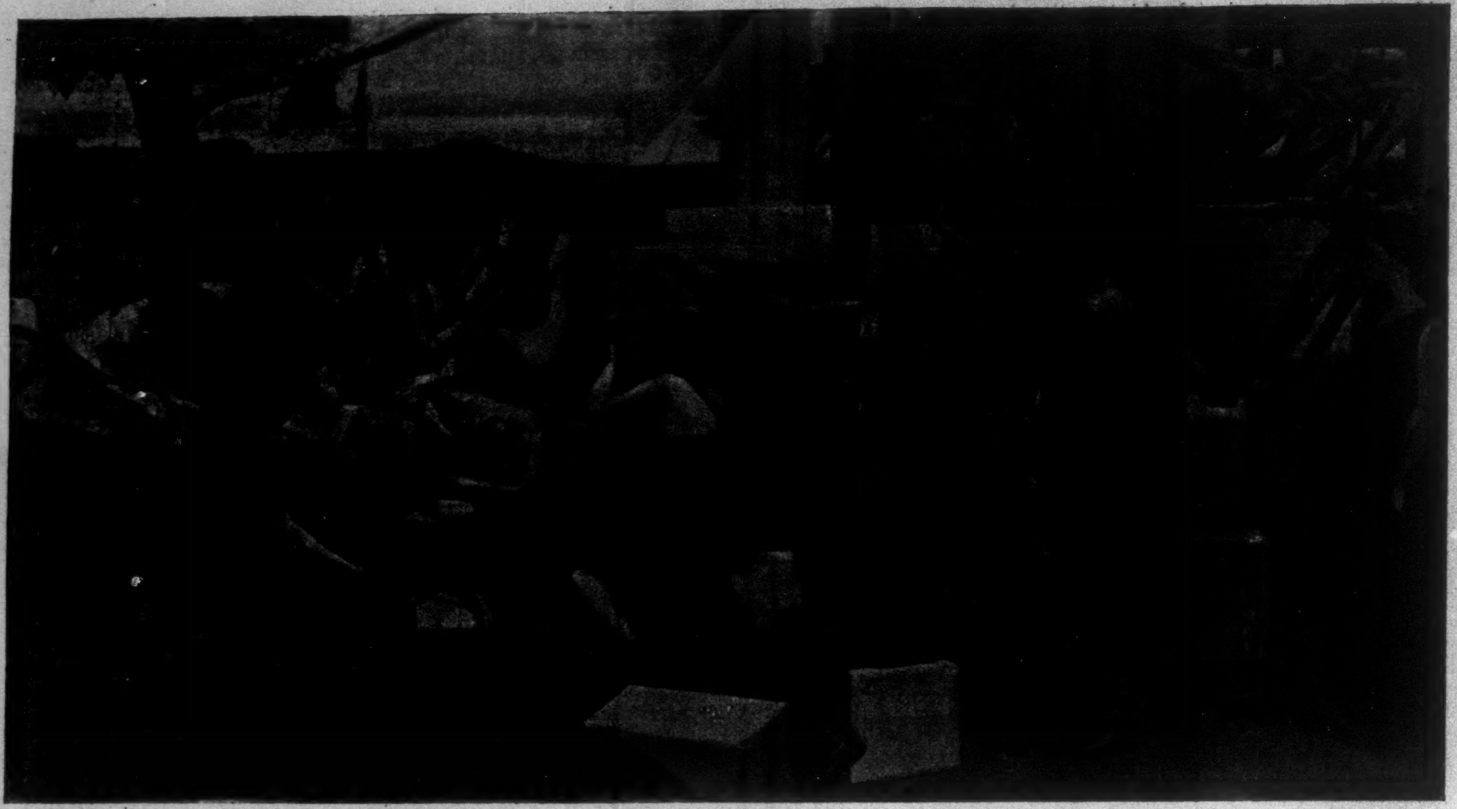
What had been repeatedly predicted in these columns has now actually happened. The so-called "movement" in favor of bimetallism in England, France, and Germany had been carried on mainly by two classes of people: those who thought that a large increase of the "circulating medium" and a consequent depreciation of the legal-tender money would mend their fortunes—especially the large landholders, who, for one reason or another, found their revenues from their estates declining, and merchants engaged in business transactions with India—and those who were puzzled by certain economic phenomena produced by the industrial developments of our time, and believed, in a vague way, that an expansion of the "world's money" by the introduction of international bimetallism—that is, by the raising of the value of silver and its rehabilitation as a money metal by means of an agreement between the principal commercial nations—would afford "relief" and be generally "a good thing." The first class reasoned and acted upon motives of personal interest, and the second on motives of a philanthropic nature. They might be called the philosophers of bimetallism. These two classes combined managed to keep up an agitation in favor of bimetallism as a general proposition that was lively enough to attract much attention, and to create the impression that all classes of society in the principal European states were teeming with bimetallists. But that agitation failed to point out any specific method by which the introduction of international bimetallism could actually be effected so as to result in any general benefit. Nevertheless a good many Americans returning from their travels abroad, and among them persons classed as statesmen, brought home the news that if the United States would only give the multitudinous European bimetallists a fair opportunity to co-operate with this republic in the promotion of the desired object, another international conference or effective diplomatic negotiations on the subject would follow, with the fairest prospects of success. The objection of cool-headed men, who insisted that values could not be made and upheld by law or treaty, and that it would be impossible to agree on a satisfactory ratio between gold and silver capable of being maintained, was put aside by the sanguine prediction that if there was a will, the combined wisdom of the American and the European bimetallists would surely find a way.

Well, the opportunity has been given. Our government sent to Europe a special commission composed of clever gentlemen who were to crystallize the bimetallic sentiment so abounding in England, France, and Germany, and to bring matters to a head. That commission, according to the reports sent over from time to time, found plenty of "sympathy." But as to the practical value of that sympathy the story is exceedingly cheerless. What the commissioners were told in France and Germany was substantially this: "International bimetallism? Well, it might be a capital thing if it could be accomplished. But it is useless to try without the co-operation of all the great commercial nations. See what you can do in England." In England, then, the commissioners again found much "sympathy," even in government circles, and, it is rumored, even among the governing body of the Bank of England. But they had to come down to practical business. They proposed, as the first step in the direction of bimetallism, that the mints of India should be opened again to the free coinage of silver. The British government was very kind and accommodating. It would at once inquire what the Indian government thought of it. The answer of the Indian government came very promptly, and left nothing to desire as to clearness and decision. It was, in short, to this effect: "We are not fools. The closing of the mints to silver has saved the business of India from disastrous confusion. We have had enough of that. Business is now settled upon the new basis with a prospect of stability. Do not upset it again." And not only that. No sooner was it bruited about that propositions looking to a change in the standard of value were at all entertained by the British government than the whole business community rose up as one man with an indignant protest. And there was the end. And, what is very significant, those in government circles in France and Germany, who had been so "sympathetic," hove a sigh of relief and satisfaction at the obvious fact that the end of the delusion had really come. It is true the British government, in announcing to our commissioners the result, gave them the soothing assurance that, if they had anything else to propose, they would be listened to with pleasure. But, as a matter of fact, the discussion is actually closed, and our commissioners return like a committee of the Pickwick Club coming home from a sentimental journey.

Considering that this result was inevitable, and was foreseen and foretold by everybody viewing the matter with a clear eye, it is difficult to overlook the humorous side of the play. But the comedy should teach those who were engaged in it a serious lesson never to be forgotten. The scheme of bimetallism is bound to break down as soon as its discussion descends from pious wishes and hazy generalities to specific practical propositions. All international conferences have come to a stop at that point, and, if there should be more such conferences, they always will. It is, for instance, difficult to understand how a man of Senator Wolcott's intelligence should for a moment have expected that the commercial nations of the world would assent to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold while the market ratio is about 36 to 1. It is to be hoped that the Senator will come home radically cured of all delusions as to such possibilities. He will do his country a service by frankly confessing, as the sum total of his European experience, that the "sympathetic" talk about bimetallism which is heard in England, as well as on the Continent, is only so much wind; that Europe is settled upon the gold basis and will not change it; that the scheme of international bimetallism is utterly impracticable; and that the sooner the American people give up that rainbow chase and turn their thoughts to a businesslike regulation of their financial system in harmony with that of the commercial world, the better it will be for their interests as well as their peace of mind.

The effect of the collapse of international bimetallism upon the silver men in this country will probably be to make them shout all the louder for the free coinage of silver in the United States alone. And as their principal object is the debasement of our currency by the establishment of the single silver standard, they will be quite logical in doing so. But that cry will be far less potent in the future than it was in the past, partly in consequence of last year's campaign of education, which resulted in the defeat of the silver forces, and partly owing to the more prosperous times, which render the popular mind less open to financial quackery. On the other hand, it will be interesting to observe how the disappearance of the international bimetallism delusion will affect the conduct of those politicians, especially those members of Congress, who, while in favor of sound money, still thought it necessary to propitiate as much as possible what silver sentiment there was among their constituents, and who found international bimetallism a very serviceable bauble with which to amuse the unwary. They will now have to discover another dodge—which will be very difficult even to the natural ingenuity of cowardice—or they will have to admit that it is all over with silver, and to speak the word "gold" without evasion or circumlocution. In this respect the sending out of our commissioners in search of European bimetallists may have served a good purpose. This new and final demonstration of the futility of such an enterprise may do much to remove from the popular mind the vain hopes that diverted it from the true question at issue. It may destroy the subterfuge behind which ignorance and political pusillanimity used to hide themselves. It may help to clear the atmosphere and to simplify and put in its true light the real problem. This may be a little compensation for the encouragement which the continued pursuit of the bimetallic will-o'-the-wisp has given to the silver craze and other financial heresies among ourselves, and for the distrust of our financial common-sense and good faith it has created abroad.

Carl Schurz.



"IN TIME OF PEACE."—From the Painting by William F. Kline, Lazarus Prize Scholar of 1894.

THE STEVENSON MONUMENT.

The monument and fountain in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, dedicated October 16, in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, is shown in the accompanying illustration. Bruce Porter designed the monument, and presided at the dedicatory meeting, at which Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, and Mr. Irving M. Scott made addresses. The inscription on the granite shaft, which is surmounted by a Spanish galleon in pale green bronze with bright gold sails, is as follows:

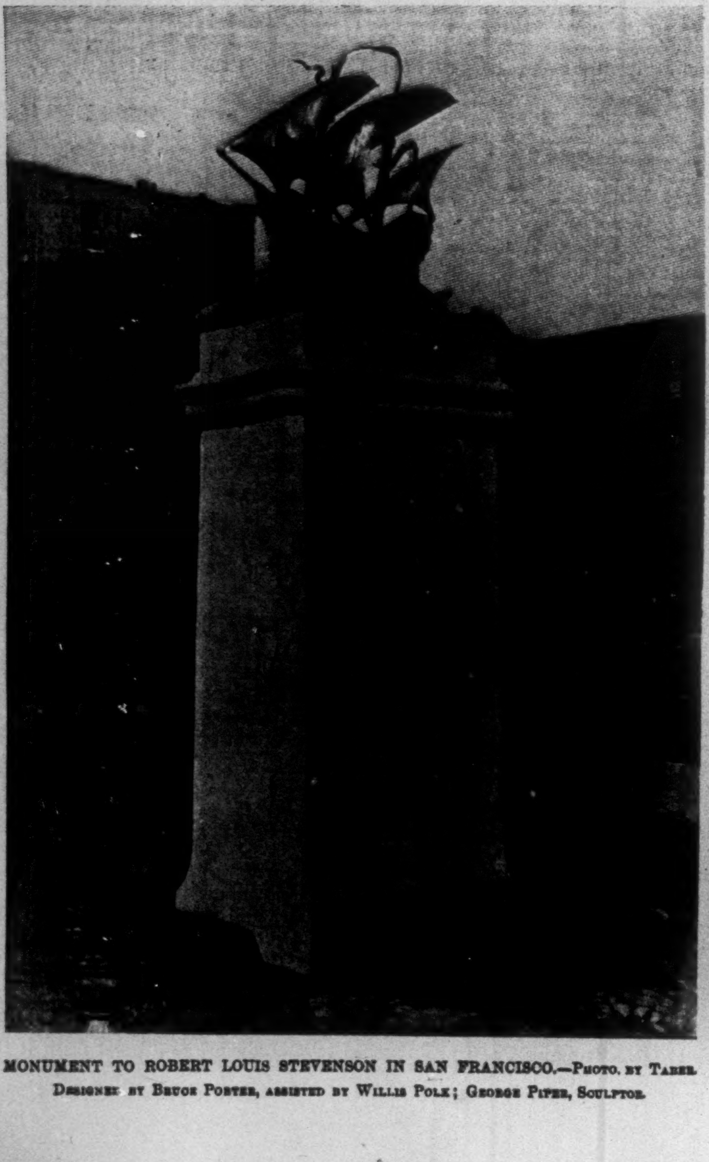
> TO REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
>
> To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Mrs. Stevenson, and her daughter by her first husband, Mrs. Isabella Strong, who acted as Mr. Stevenson's amanuensis in his later years, arrived in San Francisco from the Samoan Islands a few days after the dedication ceremonies, and will hereafter make their home, it is said, on the Pacific coast, the scene of Mr. Stevenson's delightful *Silverado Squatter* sketches.

Portsmouth Square, in which the Stevenson Monument stands, is the old Plaza in which such stirring scenes were enacted in the days of the gold fever. The monument was reared by subscriptions from admirers of Stevenson throughout the United States, the bulk of the money necessary being raised in San Francisco and New York.

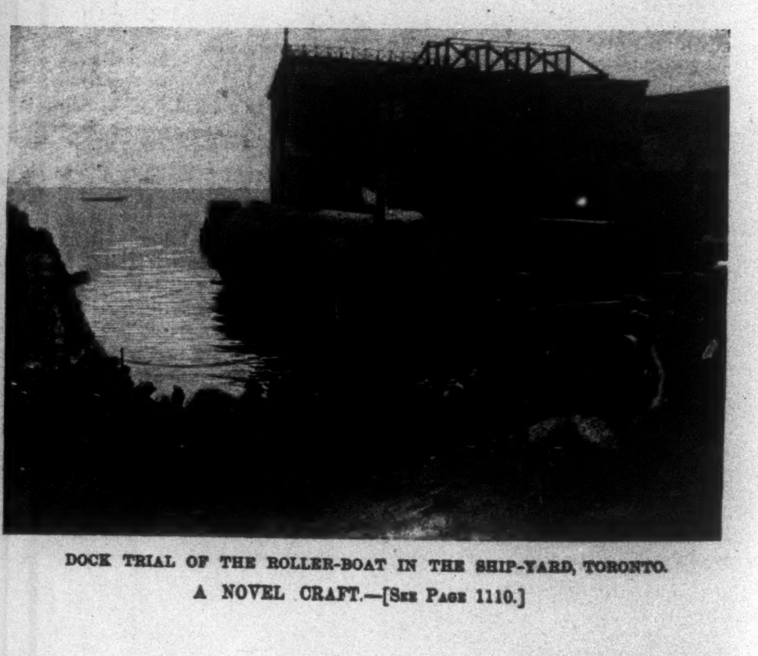
THE LAZARUS SCHOLARSHIP EXHIBITION.

In the Weekly of November 10, 1894, was given a reproduction of the painting "Nymph and Satyr," which won for Mr. William F. Kline the Lazarus Travelling Scholarship. The competition for this scholarship is open to American art students under thirty. The value of the scholarship is $2400, and the conditions of the



MONUMENT TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Photo. by Taber.
Designed by Bruce Porter, assisted by Willis Polk; George Piper, Sculptor.

THE ROLLER-BOAT OUT FOR HER SPEED TRIAL, OCTOBER 21.



DOCK TRIAL OF THE ROLLER-BOAT IN THE SHIP-YARD, TORONTO.

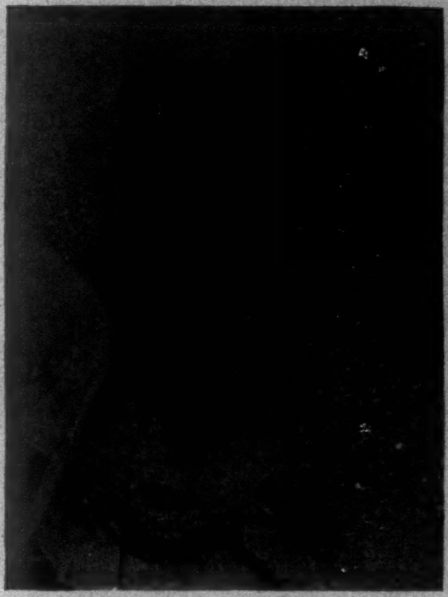
A NOVEL CRAFT.—[See Page 1110.]

JOHN SARTAIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

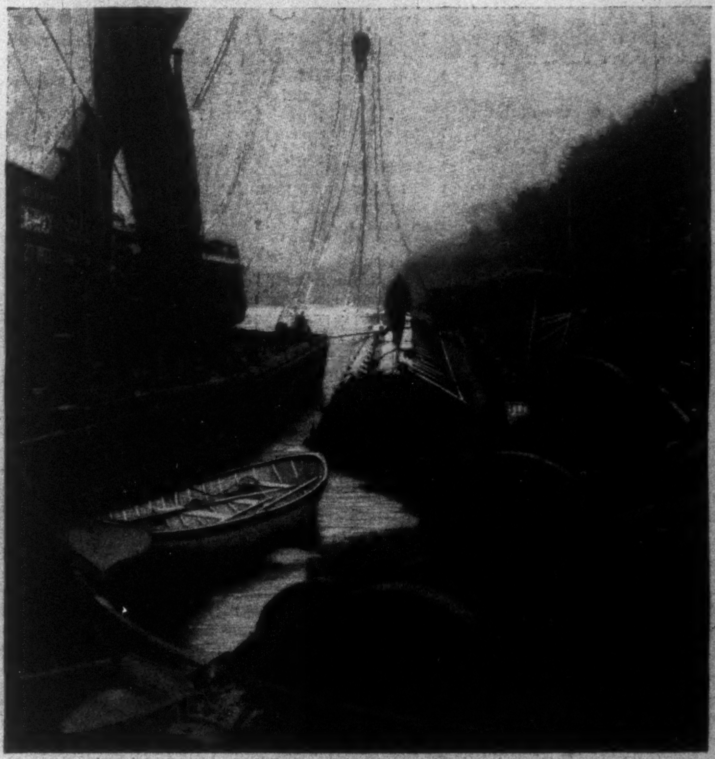
award provide for two years of travel and study abroad by the successful aspirant. The competition and award are in charge of a committee from the art school of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which the winner, on his return from abroad, makes his reports and brings his work for exhibition.

Mr. Kline, the winner in 1894, is a native of Georgia, who studied in the Art Students' League and the National Academy. He sailed for Paris in the winter of 1895, and spent his first winter in the Academy in Paris, where he painted from life under Gustave Courtois and Girardot. The following summer he went to Chartres, where he studied out-of-doors. There, at the time of the annual Fête Dieu, he found a subject for a large painting in the children in white dresses and veils coming from their first communion down the steps of one of the sculptured porches of the old cathedral. This painting, nine feet five inches by five feet, was finished in the following spring.

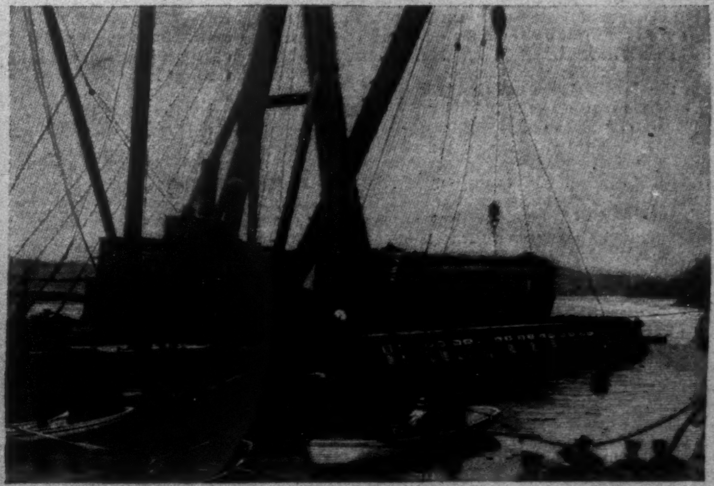
From Chartres Mr. Kline went on an extended trip through Italy, and on his return to Paris started two large canvases. One of them, a group of two figures, life size, representing a pastoral scene, he sent when finished to the Salon de Champ de Mars, where it was well received. The other, a large composition, in size ten feet nine inches by five feet, is that called "In Time of Peace," or "Homer," of which a reproduction is given in this number of the WEEKLY. These three pictures, with other studies, portraits, and smaller compositions done by Mr. Kline while abroad, will be exhibited during November at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



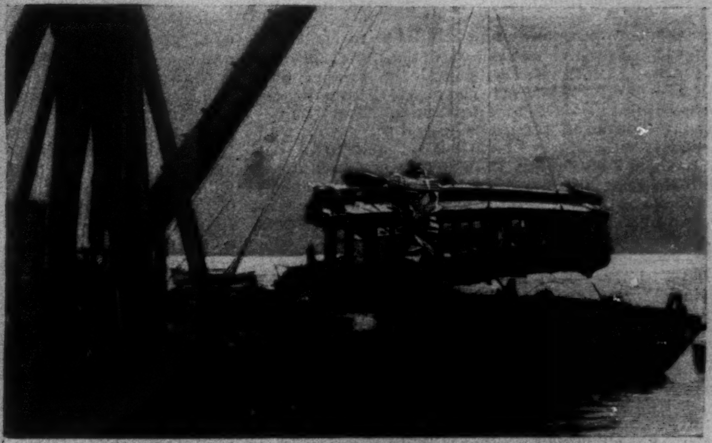
MARCELLA SEMBRICH.
[SEE PAGE 1110.]



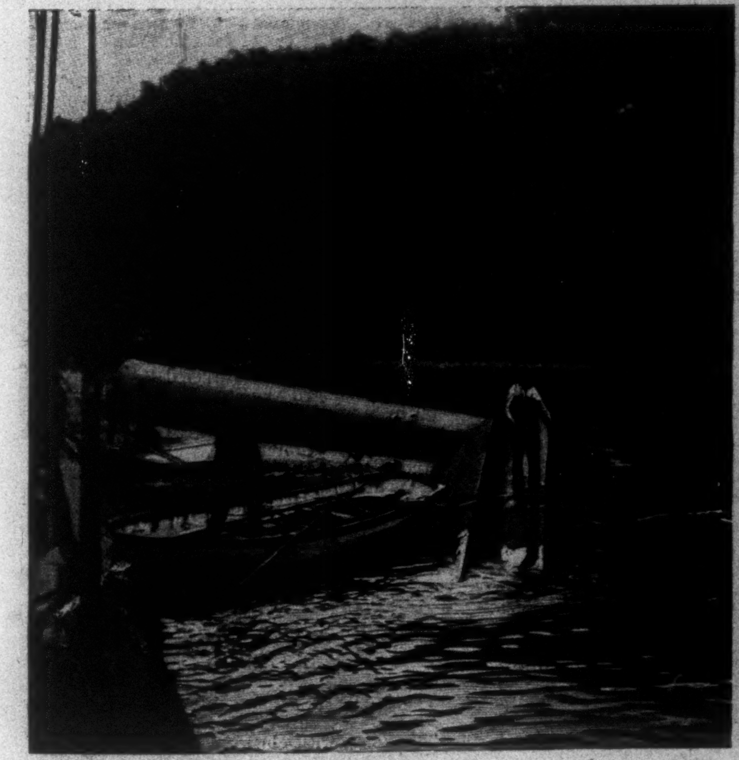
WHERE THE BREAK OCCURRED.



PREPARING TO RAISE THE SUBMERGED SLEEPING-CAR "HERMES."



THE WRECKING COMPANY'S GIANT DERRICK RAISING SLEEPING-CAR "GLEN ALPINE."



SCENE OF THE LANDSLIP, SHOWING PERPENDICULAR CLEAVAGE.

DIVER AND SLEEPING-CAR "GLEN ALPINE" ON DECK OF FLOATING DERRICK.

THE RECENT RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR GARRISONS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

LONDON.

October 16, 1897.

If English politics to-day are interesting, it is because the country is in a state of transition. A glance at the facts will explain much that is obscure. The historic Liberal party has ceased to exist as a dominant force in the country. Its decadence is due to rebellion against the despotism of facts. For ten years the home-rule discussion has educated the people in imperial politics as no democracy was ever educated before. The ablest men in the kingdom, on both sides, have fought the matter out from day to day, both in principle and in detail, until the majority of the electors became convinced that either the whole electorate must rule the whole United Kingdom, or that the Irish Nationalists must govern Ireland exclusively, and be concurrently predominant in England. It was thus that the ground was prepared for the recent outbreak of imperialism. Mr. Gladstone's genius and force of will spent themselves in trying to get the consent of the English to one of the three possible forms of Irish home-rule. His first bill excluded Irish members from the Imperial Parliament while taxing Irishmen. This involved taxation without representation—a policy adopted by George III. on your side of the water with interesting results. The second bill, of 1892, provided that Irish members should vote at Westminster on some questions and not on others. This plan made all party government impossible, partly because it involved the certainty of a ministry with a British majority after luncheon finding itself in an imperial minority after dinner, and partly because no human intellect can dissever British from imperial interests. Mr. Gladstone's third plan was to give Ireland autonomy, and yet to keep eighty Irishmen at Westminster with plenary powers to vote solid on British education, religion, taxation, and local affairs. No such tribute was ever paid by a legislature to its leader as when the Commons passed this extraordinary measure in 1893, after a free fight on the floor of the House, which I witnessed with much interest, but without surprise.

When the Lords threw out the bill and Mr. Gladstone retired to write reminiscences of his successors, it was evident that two courses only were open to the Liberal leaders. Either they might frankly abandon home-rule, or they might nail the green flag to the mast. The Liberal leaders adopted neither of these courses. They drifted. Lord Rosebery, their most popular and their best all-round man, wisely retired—it is believed, only for a time. Indeed, statements as to his return on his own terms are now freely made by men of influence on his own side. The party, however, is now split up into groups—impotent, wordy, contentious groups. England is left therefore, for the first time in her recent history, with no alternative set of responsible statesmen prepared to accept and capable of discharging the task of ruling the empire. Constitutional government, if it is to be a success, requires two homogeneous parties. This is the ideal, and until 1886 was the rule. It is now an unattainable ideal. The country is puzzled; it has no one to whom it can turn if it dismisses the Unionists. The Continental system of political groups, which may combine from love of place, but will never unite from love of country, has landed on these shores, is installed in the Commons, and seemingly has come to stay. That the decay of the Liberal party is a constitutional evil of the first magnitude is a fact admitted by thoughtful Unionists.

It would be unjust, however, to attribute to Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasms, to home-rule, or to the opportunism of Sir William Harcourt and his rivals all the responsibility for the present state of affairs. The fact is that no democracy can acquire more freedom than exists. Democracy—largely through the efforts of the Liberal party—has won freedom. It is therefore of greater importance to all that freedom should be preserved than that a constitution, which is the result of slow change through many generations, should be thrown into the melting-pot in order that warring groups may bury their muzzles in the flesh-pots of office.

This transitory period in English history is showing itself in other ways. An Englishman may now call himself Tory and still find that he is expected to support Radical measures. Lord Londonderry and the Northern Conservative Union have raised the flag of independence on this very point. English political nomenclature is now meaningless. A Tory is a supporter of Lord Salisbury. But Lord Salisbury gave Heligoland to Germany, half Siam to France, permitted France to renounce her Tunisian pledges without exacting from her a like concession for England in Egypt, and accepted Mr. Sherman's buffets on the seal question by turning the other cheek in a spirit of grace more generally associated with virgin martyrs than with Tory ministers. Ministers—except Mr. Chamberlain—are on the fence. They watch the people and the people watch them. But they do not lead. The government, although nowhere attacked in force, is neither directing nor forming public opinion. Mr. Chamberlain is the only personality in the government. Lord Salisbury himself is out of touch with the electors. He rarely sees any one from outside, and consults with no one. He runs up to the Foreign Office two or three times in the week, and lives a stately existence in an Elizabethan atmosphere at Hatfield House. A clerk in the Foreign Office assures me that for over a year he has not set eyes on the Prime Minister. The consequence of this aloofness is that Lord Salisbury is not well served. Men will not work so well for an abstraction as for a chief with whose contagious personality they are charmed. There is no disguising the fact that while Lord Rosebery made friends wherever he went, except in his own cabinet, and is much liked by the people, the Prime Minister is almost as much of a recluse as the Queen.

The transition period through which England is now passing is accentuated by the great age and growing infirmities of the Queen. Her Majesty no longer reads her own letters. Everything is read to her. When the time at last comes for the Queen to lay down her heavy burdens, questions of the deepest interest at home and abroad, which are now allowed to slumber, will demand solution. Nearly related to the occupants of almost every throne in Europe, the Queen is treated by them with a reverence and consideration that will scarcely be extended to her successor, at all events for many years to come. So great is her influence with the European courts, she has been called "the electric bell of Europe." No other member of the reigning families commands such deferential attention from them all. And her influence is quietly exercised on the side of good sense and of peace. Great as her influence is, and constantly as it is exerted, the public rarely hears of it. A lady's natural repugnance to advertisement and publicity is apparent in everything the Queen does. This trait in her character has not been transmitted to all her posterity. The German Emperor, for example, displays qualities that would have won for him success in journalism, but they do not add to his popularity in England.

While writing about the Queen, I may perhaps say a word or two on the happily settled question of her abdication. The matter was seriously discussed in society before the Jubilee. I understand that the Queen herself desired rest and retirement, and the matter actually came before a cabinet council. All the ministers were strongly and unanimously opposed to entertaining the possibility of an abdication, and hence the letter which contained the memorable assurance that the Queen would devote herself to her beloved country "as long as life shall last." It is difficult to convey to Americans the affection with which the Queen is regarded in Great and Greater Britain. The throne is looked upon by many with approval as a convenient device for obtaining a hereditary President for what is virtually a republic. The present occupant of the throne, however, is loved with passionate affection. I have seen tears in the eyes of Englishmen in most parts of the world, including London, while singing "God save the Queen." This sentiment is a tribute to the character, not to the glory, of one who has worthily occupied for more than two generations the loneliest and loftiest station ever held by a woman. England will not listen to the question of the Queen's abdication while she lives, and Republicanism under the Queen's rule has practically ceased to exist. Still, England will never stand another George IV.

By the time that this letter is printed events at both ends of Africa will once more occupy public attention. In Upper Egypt the Sirdar Sir H. Kitchener has been working like a mole. He is strong, harsh, and taciturn. He dislikes press flatteries, and has refused permission to the special correspondents to go to the front. At the time of writing, the representatives of the London dailies are boxed up at Merawi, a fortified village on the Nile, a hundred miles from Abu-Hamed, to which point the railway from Korosko is now completed. The contrast between the deadly silence preserved about Egyptian operations and the copious details telegraphed every afternoon by the government of India about the border risings is too significant to be passed over without comment. Sir George White, the Indian commander-in-chief, has assembled an army of over 50,000 men to punish the Afridis and their friends, whose natural antipathy to England commands the sympathy of Mr. Redmond, and extorts the cheers of his Parnellite supporters. Sir Colin Campbell, when suppressing the mutiny of 1857, had no such force as 50,000 troops. India was both won and recovered with a handful of men. The mystery is explicable. The policy of the government of India at the present time is virtually a military policy. The ear of Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, a nominee of Mr. Gladstone's, has been gained by a military clique. The Indian Foreign Secretary, like most of his recent predecessors, is invertebrate; and the friends of the Secretary of State for India, Lord George Hamilton, are aware that amiability rather than backbone is his more conspicuous characteristic. He owes his place in public life to Disraeli's affection for the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. The result is shown in the "forward" policy, which consists in erecting forts and making roads through the mountain fastnesses of the wild tribes on the northwest frontier of India. The result of this policy is to excite the fierce Moslem highlanders to frenzy, and to necessitate punitive expeditions, from which a crop of medals, promotions, and ribbons is to be reaped—by soldiers of the Queen who are in possession of Lord Elgin's ear.

As far as I am able to judge, after carefully sifting the evidence of both friends and foes of the "forward" policy in India, the armed independence of the frontier tribes is one of the surest defences of India. There is no more danger of attack from these tribes than from the hornets or the bears which live in the same hills, so long as they are left alone. If they were to advance even five hundred yards across the frontier, they would be cut down to a man. Military men, however, accustomed as they are from youth to look on the exercise of force as the only solution of frontier problems, persuaded Lord Elgin to exchange the quiet and statesmanlike policy of Lord Lawrence, which kept the peace for years, for the methods adopted by Russia in the "pacification" of Circassia. The military clique is not composed of financiers or diplomatists. Still, finance and diplomacy are dominant factors in the Indian situation; and when the present troubles are settled and paid for, I have reason to believe that a considerable change will be made in Indian frontier policy. The ablest and most experienced opponent of the Indian military clique is Sir Lepel Griffin, whose article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* has roused much interest. Never before in the history of the world has a Western democracy attempted to exercise despotic powers at a distance over 300,000,000 of Asiatics. To influence the treatment of their inheritance of India and of its frontier questions by British democracy is a reason why Sir Lepel Griffin is endeavoring to enter Parliament. In the course of conversation with him I gather that it is his opinion that the Indian government requires advice from strong civil administrators whose professional instincts are in favor of peace and not of war, and that for economy, honor, and peace Lord Lawrence's policy should be restored. I am convinced that Sir Lepel Griffin's opinion in favor of sitting still is shared by the middle-class tax-payers of this country, and that when the matter is properly understood, after discussion in the press and in Parliament, the "forward" policy will be scotched, if not killed—even if the cabinet shed the Secretary of State for India. The experiment of ruling India by a democracy is only beginning. It is certain that neither militarism nor parish or county council methods are applicable. There has been a tendency to fly from the one to the other, while statesmanship has been forced to take a back seat.

To return to the silent general who is organizing the recovery of Khartum and Omdurman to civilization. His case is wholly different. In the first place, Egyptian policy is in the hands of a civilian—Lord Cromer. Lord Cromer, although formerly a soldier, enjoyed an Indian civilian training. He is too cool and too strong an administrator to fall into the hands of a military clique. Egyptian policy is formulated by him, and is approved by the civilian cabinet. The advance up the Nile last year, so far from being the idea of the military men, was an immense surprise to them. This is as it should be. We English to-day are perhaps less jealous than our ancestors of undue military influence in the settlement of public policy. Still, political decisions left to soldiers naturally end in a fight, and fighting is costly. The advance up the Nile is, however, generally approved by the public. Former Egyptian expeditions, Gordon's tragic death, and Slatin Pasha's description of his twelve years' captivity among the savage Baggaras, have familiarized most of the electors with the pros and cons of the question. Their pride was touched by Lord Wolseley's failure to relieve Gordon, and their pity for the oppressed tribes was stimulated by Gordon's death. Furthermore, the failure of England in Armenia and Crete makes many people anxious to atone for impotence on the Bosporus by the rescue of the victims of Moslem oppression on the Nile. And, lastly, the man in the street discerns that if the French succeed in reaching the great lakes before the English get to Khartum, the turncock of the Nile will be French and not English, and the fortunes of Lower Egypt will be at the mercy of French engineers, who could easily divert sufficient water to sterilize the land of the Pharaohs, and destroy the prosperity that England has labored to create.

I am in the habit of reading in American newspapers imputations of selfishness and "grabbing" against England in connection with African and Indian affairs. With respect to Egypt, however, may I put the case from an Englishman's point of view? I wonder how many of the readers of Harper's Weekly clearly understand that England is beating back barbarism there and placing the black population under civilized law for no selfish purpose? American manufacturers enjoy every privilege of trade in Egypt that is exacted by the British. When Khartum falls, American trade will be as welcome as British. In Egypt, as elsewhere, England throws open to the whole world, without reservation, every advantage that she herself reaps from an expenditure of blood and treasure which other nations in her place would regard as invested for their own exclusive benefit. If France, Russia, or Germany controlled Egypt, American imports would be penalized. Whatever other objections, therefore, may be raised to a British occupation, it is obviously to the material interest of the United States, no less than to that of all the world, that England should succeed in her mission of painting the Nile Valley red.

One point bearing upon the secrecy with which Sir Herbert Kitchener is rolling back the Dervishes deserves a word or two. Lord Wolseley said, in his *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, that newspaper correspondents were "curses to armies." Sir Herbert Kitchener is aware that everything published in London reaches the Khalifa through agents in England, Suakin, Obock, and elsewhere. While maturing his plans for the capture of Metemma, Kitchener is therefore determined that success shall not be imperilled by the indiscretions of competitive correspondents. As in the Sikh war of 1848 French engineer and artillery officers led and advised Lord Gough's foes, so in the present instance the newly erected Nile fortifications that await the advance of Kitchener's troops are known to be partly the work of European skill. One effect of universal publicity is to make the "modern major-general" extremely unwilling to risk defeat at the hands of black men, and consequently he leaves no stone unturned to insure success. Victory nowadays is organized beforehand. Very little is left to chance. When Sir Herbert Kitchener hoists the British (or Egyptian) flag over the arsenal at Omdurman, he is made for life, and may eventually become Commander-in-Chief. Should he fail in what he undertakes, he will get no second chance, and he knows it. He does not belong to one of the great families, and has enemies. Since secrecy adds to his chance of success, the Egyptian campaign is so far conducted in Egyptian darkness. But the dawn is at hand.

Arnold White.

THE KLONDIKE.

I.

Wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow,
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where gaunt pines shiver in the piercing cold,
Where mellow summer noontides never glow,
And sleety crags no spring-time ever know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers unto woe.
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his thousand thrones,
Where keen auroras glitter, blaze, and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind moans;
He smiles at wretches in their last despair,
Who dig for gold among their Comrades' bones.

II.

About my home I see the spring-time bloom,
The sheaves of summer or the autumn fruit;
To make me glad, the robin lends its lute,
The lilies blossom, lilacs breathe perfume,
The red leaves flutter, golden asters loom
Around me; tones of loved ones, never mute,
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June-time gladness or December gloom.
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By lapfuls to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the livelong day;
So in this humble nest, my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.

Walter Malone.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It seems only the other day that Dr. Justin Winsor succeeded the venerable Sibley as Librarian of the Harvard College Library, but the newspaper obituaries say that it was twenty years ago. His death on October 22 was unexpected, and must be felt to be premature, for he was no more than sixty-six years old, and was full of activity and deep in professional labors. He ranked by very general consent as the foremost librarian in America, and to that distinction had added a far-reaching reputation as a historical writer. He was born in Boston in 1831, was graduated at Harvard in 1853, and studied after graduation in Paris and Heidelberg. He was appointed Superintendent of the Boston Public Library in 1868, and resigned that place in 1877 to become Librarian of the Harvard College Library. He published many pamphlets and several books, most of them on subjects related to American history, and edited with remarkable success the *Memorial History of Boston*, and the *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Colonel T. W. Higginson, while admitting that he had certain limitations as a historical writer, speaks of his books as "absolutely indispensable to the student of American history." Colonel Higginson speaks of him as, next to President Eliot, the best-known man connected with Harvard College, and the one whose place, after that of the president, will be hardest to fill. One special pocket of erudition for which Dr. Winsor was famous was his knowledge of maps relating to North America. Cartography was a strong point with him, and the cartographical history of North America, developing through five centuries, was probably more familiar to him than to any one who survives him.

He was president of the American Library Association, vice-president and corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and president of the American Historical Society. Those who knew him best speak of his remarkable executive ability and capacity for work, and of his decided liking for human intercourse, which makes his death as serious a loss to society as to scholarship.

On the train the other day going down to Mr. Dana's funeral some one was saying that Mr. Dana would be longest remembered as the maker of the *Household Book of Poetry*. That seems possible, and it is an odd coincidence that within a week of Mr. Dana's death should have died the one other man who got at least an equal renown by analogous means. Francis Turner Palgrave died in London on October 25. Almost every one who knows good poetry at all knows Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. It is a little book of 300 pages, very much more contracted in its scope than Mr. Dana's and not more than an eighth as big. Very possibly every poem in it is also in the larger book, but it is judicious, compact, and exceedingly popular among discriminating readers. Since 1886 Mr. Palgrave has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was born in 1824, took a first-class in mathematics at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1847, and soon after became a fellow of Exeter. His early work had to do with education. At one time he was private secretary to Lord Granville. He wrote one or two volumes of poetry, edited a number of collections, and for a while wrote critical essays for the *Saturday Review*. His *Golden Treasury* appeared in 1861, four years after the first publication of Mr. Dana's collection.

The Chicago *Times-Herald* reports that in the Northwestern University student self-government has collapsed and has been superseded by faculty rule. It has been tried more or less for seven years. During all that time a students' council has consulted with the faculty about the concerns of the students, and for the last two years a court established at the students' desire has had jurisdiction in cases of cheating in examination in so far as to try cases and recommend punishment or pardon. According to the *Times-Herald*, the council lost influence with the faculty because, last year, it thought it inexpedient to expel twenty-eight Sophomores who had dispersed a group of Freshmen posing for a class picture, while the court broke down on account of its disinclination to recommend the expulsion of a popular student who was caught cribbing. So student self-government has been abolished at Northwestern. Perhaps it is not adapted to that institution; perhaps it has not really had a fair trial. The probability is that it takes a very patient and painstaking president and faculty to make the co-operation of students in matters of discipline useful anywhere, and if it is worth the necessary trouble, it is more on account of its educational value than for its immediate results in keeping order. All the same, the expediency of expelling twenty-eight Sophomores for dispersing a group of Freshmen seems, on the face of it, to be doubtful.

In a paragraph in the Weekly of September 11, which touched on the share of the students in regulating the affairs of Stanford University, it was stated on information and belief that the duty of eliminating idle and unworthy students from the university was intrusted to a committee of students. This statement proves to be erroneous. The Committee on Student Affairs to which President Jordan addressed a letter, which was quoted in the Weekly, is not an undergraduate body, but is made up of members of the faculty. The organization of Stanford is peculiar. The president, appointed by the trustees and removable at their will, selects the faculty or council. The faculty as a legislative body does not exist. All the routine business is done by committees named by the president and responsible only to him. The faculty, as such, never meets, though its members meet, usually twice a year, as the council, to confer degrees. Practically the committees have sole charge of the matters intrusted to them, as the president neither attends their meetings nor interferes with their action.

Boston has a very soft spot in her heart for her sons who were just coming into manhood when the war broke out and who went to the front. One of them was Colonel William Hathaway Forbes, of Milton and Naushon, who died last month, and of whose manly character the Boston newspapers have had a great deal to say. He was one of the Forbes family, once so well known as merchants, and of later years as men of affairs, horse-breeders, yachtsmen, and public-spirited citizens. The Forbes fortune, which began in commerce, was very greatly augmented by the success of the Bell Telephone Company, of which for eight years the late Colonel Forbes was president. Colonel Forbes married a daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the five sons and a daughter who survive him are grandchildren of the Concord philosopher. Among them are Ralph Emerson, Edward Waldo, and Waldo Emerson. This blending of strains, contemplative philosophy with energy and practical force, seems rather notable, and must interest disciples of Emerson who now hear of it for the first time.

Mr. Schurz's article on "The Negro in Politics," published in the Weekly of September 4, has brought out from the Rev. J. M. Henderson, of the African Methodist Church on West Twenty-fifth Street, in New York, an acknowledgment which there is not room here to quote in full, but of which, he says, the purpose is to help readers to see the negro in a new light, and consider him from the true stand-point. He writes:

> The colored "political leader," the silver-tongued "colored orator," the irrepressible "solicitor of funds," the ever-present "caller of conventions," the bumptious "representative men interviewed," and the wretches who may commit heinous crimes against society are all obnoxious relics of a sad and dark past, from which the colored people of to-day have emerged, and back upon which they look with horror. Read the inner life, the soul of the negro in the thousands of humble efforts he is making to be like the best of the people who surround him. Do not take the cries for charity as the voice of the progressive colored people. Those who have become men are struggling silently, and beg no pity, seek no charity; they contend as men should, with closed lips, bared arms, and an unfaltering trust in Almighty God.

This is the expression of the spirit of manhood and resolution. Many negroes seem like children, though they show childhood's attractive side as well as its limitations. There can be little of that in those Mr. Henderson speaks for. Their ideas are sentiments of men grown up.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has come to see us, and has viewed our metropolis, and expresses himself as edified by what he sees. He notices that we are rich and handsome and well dressed, that our cab fares are too high, that our Fifth Avenue is in disorder, that our Riverside Drive is beautiful, and our Central Park also. Mr. Hawkins's errand is to make discourse among us, and he seems properly mindful of his privilege in having the ear of such a pleasing and intelligent lot of people. He has furnished excellent entertainment for American readers, yet his books are not quite of the sort which necessarily inspire a strong personal interest in the writer of them, and that makes one wonder how his American tour will turn out. Here's hoping that he may not get so rich in this country as to lose the incentive to story-writing.

The popular notion of an anarchist is a compound of bombs, beer, ignorance, and dirt. This combination is not in the least suggested by Prince Krapotkine, who lectured in New York last week. He does not believe in bombs, is not known to have a weakness for beer, is a gentleman by birth, and therefore probably clean, and is so far from being ignorant that he is a world-famous scientist. He came to this continent to attend the meeting of the British Association at Toronto. He went to the meeting of the American Association at Detroit, and has been to the Pacific coast to investigate geographical and agricultural conditions in British Columbia, and to judge of the possibilities of the Northwest as a farming country. He came to New York from Washington, where he had lectured before the National Geographic Society, and he went from here to Philadelphia. There he will discourse, as he did in Chickering Hall here, on his kind of politics, and from there he will go to Boston to deliver two lectures at the Lowell Institute, three before the Cambridge Conference, and one before the Woman's Educational Union. Yet this learned gentleman calls himself an anarchist. "I am an anarchist," he said here, "which is the most advanced type of socialist. My belief is in communism, with a free scope for organization, for production and consumption." Elsewhere he has said, in speaking of the aims of his party in Russia: "We proceed upon peaceful lines, and, it is scarcely necessary to say, never advocate taking life. We are certainly opposed to an autocratic sovereign, but we aim at the institution, not at its head."

John Swinton presided at his lecture in Chickering Hall on October 24. The hall, which seats 2000 persons, was crowded to the doors, though an admission-fee of twenty-five cents was asked. That suggests that an anarchist for revenue might find lecturing a good trade if he were clever enough; but Prince Krapotkine is above the suspicion of that. His talk was all intelligent; none of it was inflammatory, and much of it sounded sensible to persons of ordinary ideas. He was born in Moscow in 1842, and educated at St. Petersburg. In 1862 he joined a regiment of Cossacks of the Amur, and travelled extensively for five years in Siberia. His accounts of his journeys won him the gold medal of the Russian Geographical Society. In 1867, being then a captain, he returned to St. Petersburg, and spent four years in the university. In 1871 he explored the glacial deposits in Finland and Sweden. In 1872, in Belgium and Switzerland, he imbibed radical political ideas, and returned home to propagate them. In March, 1874, he was shut up in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Two years later, being ill, he was transferred to the Military Hospital, from which, in June, 1876, he escaped. Now he lives at Harrow, near London.

Dr. Nansen has made a comprehensive and polite apology for questioning the validity of Lieutenant Peary's meteorite. At quarantine, the day he landed, he was met by many reporters, who asked him all the questions they could think of. One of them desired his views about the iron stones, supposed to be meteorites, which Lieutenant Peary had brought home. Dr. Nansen said he believed they were not meteorites but tellurites. Then there was loud wailing in some quarters because Nansen had seemed to disparage Peary's find, and both Lieutenant Peary and Professor Salisbury of Chicago published testimonials setting forth the sidereal origin of the iron stones from Cape York. But Dr. Nansen seems to have been innocent of all evil intention, for he has written a letter to the newspapers in which, explaining the circumstances under which his views were expressed, he says:

> When Lieutenant Peary says I have spoken "thoughtlessly and with entire absence of personal knowledge," he is perfectly correct, as I didn't even know that he himself regarded it [the Cape York stone] as being different from the iron stone found by Nordenskjold. The only thing I knew about it was that he had brought back the iron stones found near Cape York, the existence of which was first brought to our knowledge by Ross's expedition in 1818, and which Nordenskjold sent his ship *Sofia* to bring back in 1883, without being able to get hold of them. I think Lieutenant Peary's valuable discovery and the iron brought home will be of equally high importance whether it should prove to be meteoric or telluric.

That is tolerably conclusive, and ought to allay all excitement. Let us hope, though, that Dr. Nansen may see those stones before he goes home. If he is wise in such matters his opinion about them would be interesting, and possibly valuable.

Mark Twain, settled now for the winter in Vienna, finds acquaintances there, as everywhere else. "Queen Victoria's granddaughter (daughter of the Empress Frederick) has been here," he writes, "and she told me she had read *Joan* three times. She asked me to send her a book, and as she has given her copy of *Joan* to a girls' school which she founded, I thought I would send her a fresh one. Please send one," etc., etc. He adds in a postscript: "You ought to see some of these newspaper interviews where they make me talk German—which I don't do. My German is bad, but not *that* bad."

Mr. Clemens will be a proud man when he learns that at the dinner to Mr. Anthony Hope at the Lotus Club, the other night, Dr. Chauncey Depew named *Quo Vadis* and Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc* as the two great novels of the year.

The upshot of the discussion as to the fitness of *Les Misérables* to be read by the girls of the Girls' High-School in Philadelphia is that an abridged edition of the story has been placed on the eligible list of French books for the school. That ought to satisfy every one, especially if the abridgment leaves out the author's digressions and keeps in the story. An abridged edition was all that was asked for.

Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, who signed the petition for a license for the Princeton Inn, so earnestly resents the "unjust, unconstitutional, and defamatory action" of the synods which have assailed him and others who signed the license petition that he has determined, for his personal protection, to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church in a constitutional manner with the least possible delay. Dr. Shields is Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion at Princeton, and has been moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. The immediate cause of his decision to leave the Presbyterian Church seems to have been that the Presbytery of New Brunswick, to which he belongs, passed a resolution that the signing of liquor licenses is not consistent with Christianity. What will the esteemed Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland say when they learn that their American brethren virtually declare Presbyterianism and teetotalism to be inseparable?

That poor Bacchante! The Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York has declared against her, and through its State Superintendent for Purity in Literature and Art has urged the Metropolitan Museum not to accept her. In a letter to the Museum's Committee on Sculpture the Superintendent on Purity, a Brooklyn lady, submits the resolution passed at the State convention of the W. C. T. U. at Cortland on October 7, to the effect that the convention declared against the publication of disgusting details of vice and crime in the public press, and "protested against the acceptance of the Bacchante statue by the Metropolitan Museum as an insult to motherhood, and believed that its influence would be degrading and demoralizing." The average moralizer will wonder wherein the Bacchante is an insult to motherhood. The chance that she may drop the baby is obvious, and may disturb nervous persons, but to find anything else that mothers ought to resent is puzzling. The Christian Union ladies must have used the X ray.

All the same, the Board of Trustees of the museum have formally and by a unanimous vote accepted Mr. McKim's gift, which was first placed on public exhibition last Monday. It is to be hoped that all the W. C. T. U. ladies, and all others who may have condemned the statue unseen, will veil their faces and grit their teeth and go and look at it. It is not nearly as bad as its reputation is.

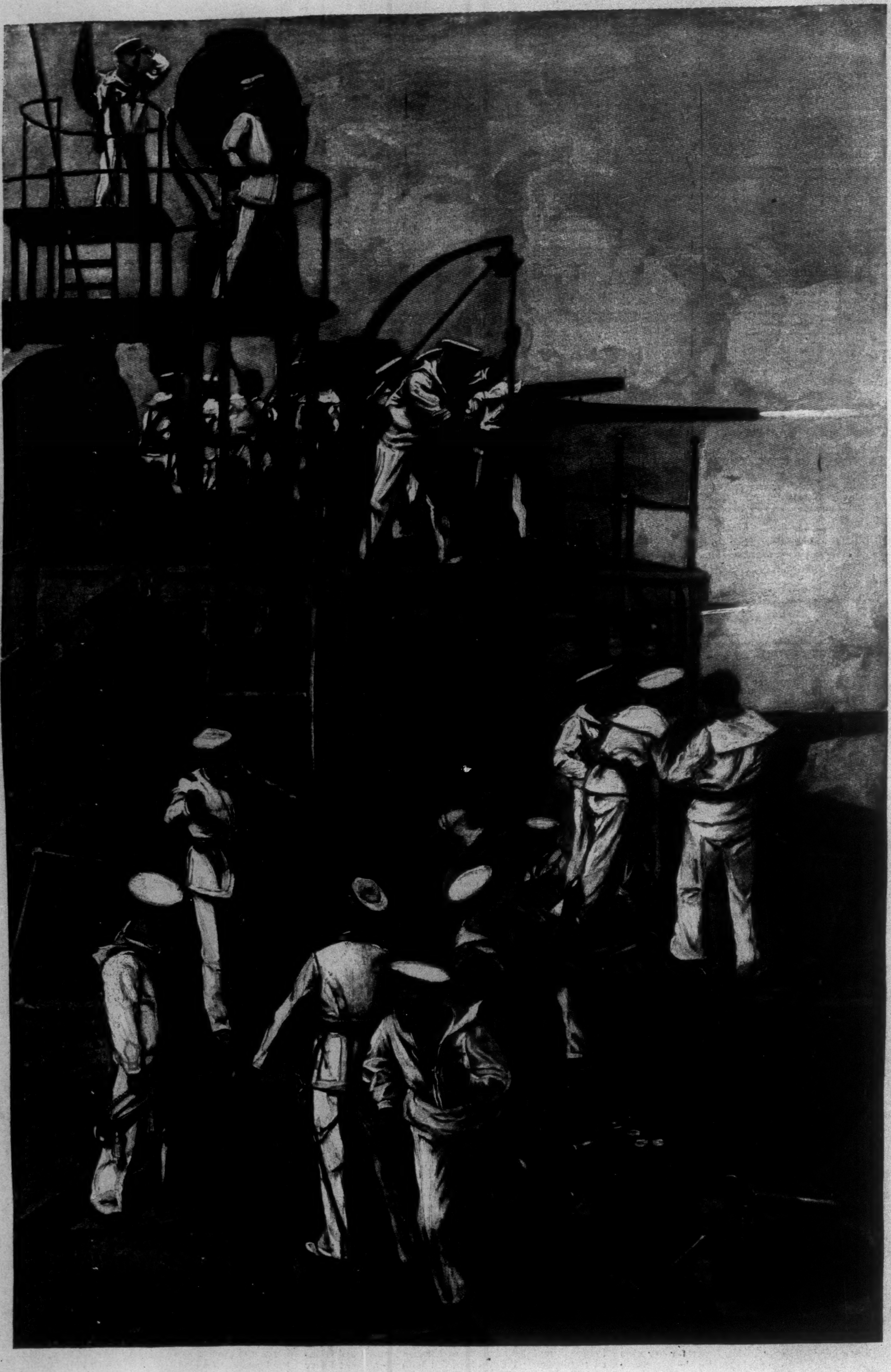
The W. C. T. U. has another trial to face just now. Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset have come to different conclusions as to the regulation of vice in India. Lady Henry thinks regulation is expedient. Miss Willard thinks it is intolerable. The matter was thoroughly gone over at the recent world's convention of the W. C. T. U. at Toronto, and a resolution was finally passed in accordance with Miss Willard's views and vigorously opposing those of Lady Henry.

Persons interested in the room which was added in memory of the late Theodore Child to the mission hospital at Tabriz, Persia, where Mr. Child was cared for during an attack of cholera, will be glad to read this extract from a letter from Miss Bradford, a missionary at Tabriz, to Mr. S. P. Avery. She says, under date of August 31, 1897:

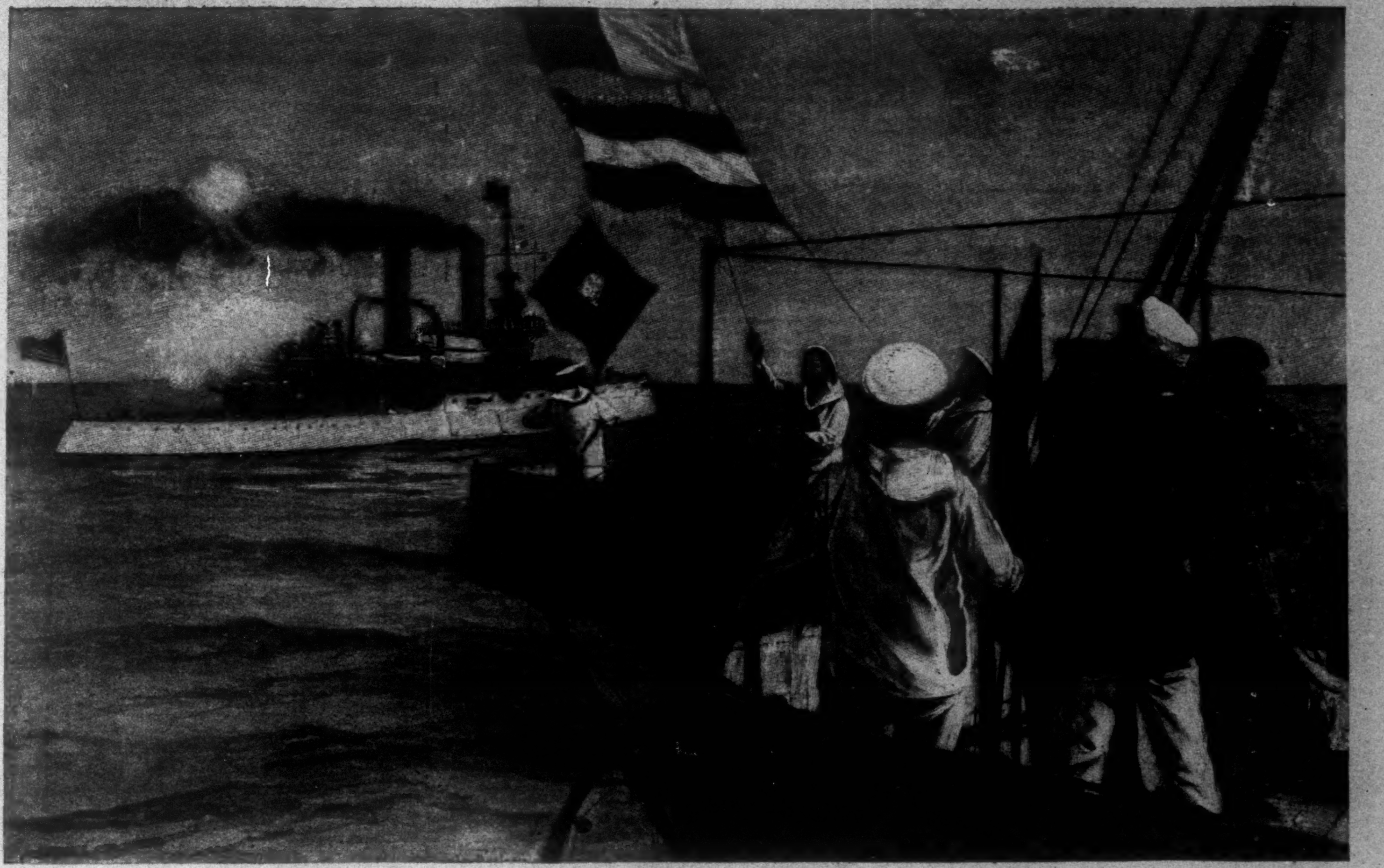
> The room to be called by Mr. Child's name is 31 feet long by 13½ wide, and five feet more where the bay-window is. There are three south and two east windows, and two small closets dug out of the thick walls. The work has gone on with much more ease than building usually does in this country. I shall be so glad to have Mr. Child's portrait for the room, and thank you and his friends for furnishing it.

The portrait Miss Bradford speaks of is painted on a panel, the head almost half life-size, and is to be framed in metal bronze. To it is to be attached a tablet bearing an inscription stating the purpose of the memorial, and reciting the circumstances of Mr. Child's journey, his stay in the hospital, and his subsequent death in the desert. It is intended that this inscription shall be written both in English and in Persian.

E. S. Martin.



ON THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "IOWA"—THE RAPID-FIRE BATTERY IN ACTION.



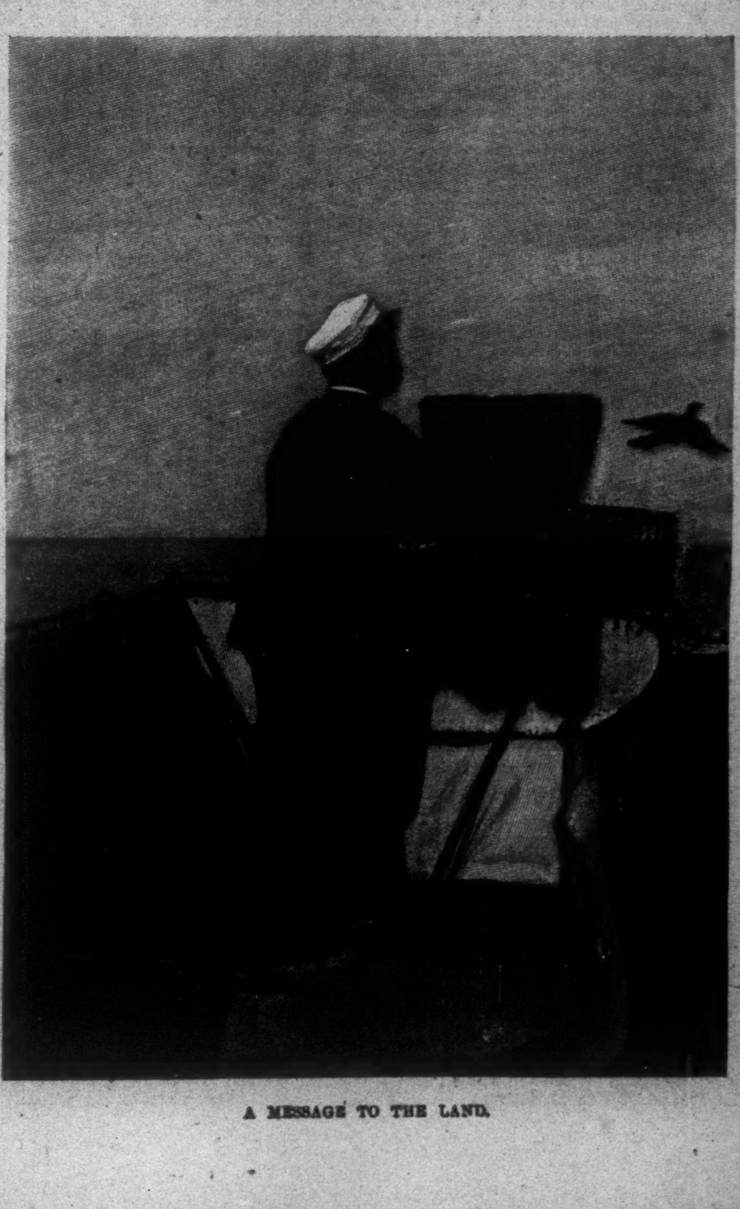
"IOWA" IN ACTION.

A SQUADRON OF FIGHTING-SHIPS.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE present manœuvres of the fleet on the North Atlantic Station are of unusual interest, not so much from the nature of the evolutions performed as from the character of the ships composing it, which, although few in number, form in the aggregate the most powerful and formidable force assembled under the American flag since the formation of the little "White Squadron" nearly a decade ago. Admiral Sicard's command is composed entirely of fighting-ships—the great cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, the first-class battle-ships *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*, the powerful monitor *Puritan*, and the second-class battle-ships *Maine* and *Texas*. The newest of the battle-ships, *Iowa*, differs in size and construction from her sisters in the squadron, *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*. She is 360 feet in length, with a beam of 72 feet 2.5 inches, 11,410 tons displacement, a total coal capacity of 1780 tons, and showed a speed on her trial trip of something over seventeen knots. Her armor belt is of fourteen-inch steel, three feet above and four and one-half feet below the water-line; her main battery consists of four 12-inch rifles, mounted in pairs in barbette turrets of the balanced type fifteen inches thick, and eight 8-inch rifles in four barbette turrets eight inches thick; her secondary battery comprises six 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, and she carries—besides torpedo ports, two on each broadside and one at bow—twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, and four Gatlings, bristling from superstructure and bridges in all directions. Perhaps it is from her high freeboard, nineteen feet above the water forward, and her enormously high smoke-stacks, that she appears to be lighter and less massive than ships of the *Indiana* class, although she is in reality longer and with greater beam, and has a coal capacity of one hundred and forty tons more. Scarcely less interesting is the other addition to the fleet, the great armored cruiser *Brooklyn*. She carries eight 8-inch guns in turrets in barbettes of eight-inch steel, while that of the turrets themselves is five and one-half inches thick. Two of these turrets are mounted amidships, one on either side, while one other is placed forward and one aft on the centre line of the ship; in addition to these, twelve 5-inch rapid-fire rifles pierce her sides, and twenty rapid-fire and machine-guns form her auxiliary battery. On her trial trip her speed averaged very nearly twenty-two knots, rising at times even beyond this.

There are probably no finer or more powerful ships of their kind afloat than those that compose this squadron; certainly none the world over where the efficiency and professional attainments of the officers and the intelligence of the enlisted men are of a higher order. That these qualities have always existed in the American navy no one who knows its history will deny, but never before has there been greater occasion for the constant exercise of these attributes than in the control and management—in all the words imply—of these complicated floating fighting-machines, the battle-ships of to-day. The sight afforded by these magnificent vessels in battle array, or steaming in line or column, wheeling, countermarching, advancing, and retiring over the undulating plain of the ocean with the precision and order of compact masses of a disciplined army, is most impressive. These evolutions, however, are but preliminary and preparatory to the real work for which the squadron is formed. The development of peculiar fitness for the naval profession, in individuals or in masses, can only be advanced by close study and application, and by frequent practice in the practical school of seamanship and naval warfare; for of all trades that of the modern man-o'-war sailor is one for which training—long and continued from youth up—is specially necessary. Exercises formed on conditions of actual warfare, by night as well as by day, make up the most important part of the drill; and work, serious hard work, is done by all hands throughout the entire time spent at sea.



A MESSAGE TO THE LAND.

A battle-ship cleared for action presents an appearance differing greatly from that shown while lying peacefully at anchor in port. Stanchions, davits, everything movable not specially designed for fighting purposes, disappear from the decks and sides; brass-barred skylights to lower decks and cabins, rails and supports about the openings leading below, give way to steel battle-hatches; hose is coupled to the fire-pumps and laid along the deck; circular openings to the ammunition passages yawn, traps to the feet of the unwary; and everything that might interfere with the sweep of the guns or the freedom of movement of the crew vanishes from sight as completely as if it never had existed. The stencilled word "overboard" on chests on the deck—chests containing anything inflammable, as paint, alcohol, or oil—indicates that in the presence of the enemy they would disappear over the side of the ship into the sea, while the boats are hoisted from their rests on the superstructure and lowered to be towed astern—perhaps even to be cast adrift—to avoid injury to life and limb from flying splinters under the enemy's fire. The shock and noise of action, as the ship comes on the firing-line, is something beyond description. Take ships like *Iowa* and *Indiana*, for instance, where a single discharge from bow to quarter of the principal batteries give a weight of fire of 4490 and 5600 pounds respectively, and the tremendous shock of the explosion may be dimly imagined by one who has not experienced it. Still more trying to the nervous senses are the sharp thudding reports of the rapid-fire guns, vomiting forth their deadly missiles at the rate of four or five shots every minute. Night practice with the auxiliary batteries gives an exhibition of the murderous work these guns are capable of, and the drifting targets—mere handkerchiefs in appearance as compared with attacking torpedo-boats—are greeted with such a storm of projectiles that nothing coming under the rays of the search-light could live for a moment. Only by the simultaneous rush of a number of those small but terrible engines of marine warfare, torpedo-boats, could there be much chance of inflicting injury to the larger ships. By luck or through superior skill one might "get in" and successfully explode its torpedo against the side of its huge enemy, but the attack would be much of the nature of the charge of a "forlorn hope" of bygone times into a breach in the wall of a hostile fortress. But eggs are broken when omelets are made, and war, on shore or at sea, is a hazardous game, and the loss of half a score of torpedo-boats would count for less than the destruction of an enemy's battle-ship. Cavalry acts against cavalry in war on land; torpedo-boats are, to a certain extent, the cavalry of the sea. Torpedo-boat-destroyers—torpedo-boats of large size and superior speed—form valuable adjuncts to a fleet of war-ships, cruising as scouts and videttes, and guarding by their vigilance the lines of approach to the main body of the squadron. In the absence of such craft, as in the absence of cavalry with an army, the fleet is seriously handicapped, and the chances of loss of some of its number through the enemy's torpedoes are much greater, in spite of search-lights and rapid-fire ordnance.

At present our entire force of torpedo-craft consists of four boats in service and one torpedo-boat destroyer, and fourteen torpedo-boats in the hands of the builders.

"SPRINGTIME."

An Incident of La Trappe.

BY ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH.

I.

FOR three weeks, and well into Lent, the rain had fallen upon the thirsty soil of Algeria; then one night the wind shifted, and the next day the blazing sun rode through a cloudless sky.

At the abbey of La Trappe at Staouli the monks hailed the coming of spring with joy. It meant for them the beginning of out-door work, the culture of the vines, the tending of the Nessri, or white roses from which they extract the attar, and the geraniums which furnish the essence for which the abbey is famous; it meant the herding of the cattle and the sheep on the outlying pastures, the songs of the birds in the hedges, the rustling of the grass; it meant the exchange of whitewashed cells for the open air and the blue sky.

Of the forty monks of La Trappe two only are permitted ever to speak; these are the Abbot and the guest-master, Brother Ambrose. The others may say "Memento mori" when they meet each morning, and may pray. Beyond this they are dumb. Each spends a few moments of the day in digging his own grave, and they sleep on straw, with their coffins for beds. On the wall of the refectory is this inscription: "S'il est dur de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir!" Over each door is the word "Silence."

Just outside the walls of the abbey, by the great gates, there is a room devoted to hospitality. Here each day, from ten to twelve o'clock, food is given to all who come. Brother Ambrose has charge of this room, and serves each guest with his own hands.

On this first morning of spring Brother Ambrose went to the Abbot and made a request.

"Father," he said, "this fine day after the long rain will bring many travellers, and I am beginning to feel my age. Will you kindly give me help?"

The Abbot thought a moment, then pointing through the open window toward the garden, he asked, "Who is that among the geraniums?"

Brother Ambrose shaded his eyes with his hand, and answered: "It is Brother Angelo. But is he not too young? There will be many guests, and," he added, "women as well as men."

The Abbot looked up quickly, a faint smile upon his lips.

"Ah, Brother Ambrose," he said, "at what age does one become safe? Send Brother Angelo to me."

The Abbot saw Brother Ambrose go down the grass walk toward the scarlet geraniums. Then he resumed his seat. Soon there was a knock at the door.

"Enter," said the Abbot. Brother Angelo came in.

"Memento mori, father," he said.

"I try to," replied the Abbot. Brother Angelo stared.

"My son," said the Abbot, "how long have you been with us?"

"Always, father."

"And how old are you, my son?"

"Twenty-two years, father."

The Abbot opened his desk and took out a small red book fastened with a lock. He selected a key from those which hung at his girdle and opened the book.

"My son," he said, "Brother Ambrose is growing old, and I have told him that you will help him. I intend that you shall take his place some day. For that reason you were taught languages. At present you are not to speak to any of the guests. Brother Ambrose will attend to that. Now listen to what I shall read to you, and ask no questions."

The Abbot turned several pages, and then read:

"'Angelo—Brother. Born April second, 1873. Baptized the same day and named Charles Victor.

"'Father—Count Charles François Apremont, Colonel of the Fourth Chasseurs d'Afrique.

"'Mother—Miriam, an Almee woman of the tribe of Ouled Nail, who danced in the cafés of Biskra, and who died April third, 1873.

"'Given to me May first, 1873, by his father, who in the world was my friend, and who died in the desert some time in May, 1873.

"'Took the final vows on Easter-Monday, 1895.

Signed by me—RICHARD,
Abbot of La Trappe.'

"I read you this, my son, for you are going to-day outside of the protecting walls, and are to catch a glimpse of the world. Remember how little the world has done for you. You owe it nothing but life. You will pay your debt when you die. Now go to Brother Ambrose."

At ten o'clock the guests began to come. There were Spaniards from Oran, Maltese from Bona and the Tunis frontier, French peasants from the neighboring farms, an Englishman or two, and a commercial traveller from Lyons. Brother Angelo scarcely noticed them. He did what Brother Ambrose bade him do; he found seats at the tables for the peasants and their families; he handed about the fish, the bread, the lentils, and the cheese; he comforted a crying child, he served the wine, and all the while he was saying to himself, "My father was Count Apremont, and my mother was Miriam, the dancing-girl of Biskra."

Just before twelve o'clock, when all the guests except an Englishman and the commercial traveller had departed, a carriage stopped at the gate, and a moment after the door opened, and a woman, followed by a courier belonging to one of the hotels at Algiers, entered the room. She turned, startled by the cheerless appearance of the place, and was about to go out, when her eyes met those of Brother Angelo, then she walked slowly to the head of the table and took her seat. The courier sat at the foot. Brother Ambrose served her, and she made a pretence of eating. She cast occasional glances at the young monk, and he never took his eyes away from her. He stood staring at what he had never seen before—a beautiful woman.

She was very dark. Her hair was blue-black, twisted into a heavy knot at the back of her head, and over her ears two sharply pointed locks curved up like sickles on her temples. She wore a little black hat, such as Spanish bull-fighters wear, tilted down upon her brows. Her nose was straight and thin, pinched in just above the nostrils, which quivered with each breath. Her lips were full and red, and her white teeth were small and shaped like orange seeds. Her hands were those of the old races, with long pointed fingers and rosy nails. She wore a dozen rings, and all were set with emeralds. Once she looked about the room, and saw the Englishman and the commercial traveller; afterward she did not notice them.

When she could no longer make a pretence of eating she turned to Brother Ambrose and said:

"You have an excellent white wine here, I am told. May I not taste it?"

"Why not?" replied Brother Ambrose, and off he went to bring a bottle from the abbey cellars.

Scarcely had the door closed behind him, when she turned and looked fairly at Brother Angelo. He stood as before, tall and lithe, his closely cut hair curling about his face, his black eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing, his full lips parted, his hands pressed upon his breast.

"Come here," she said.

He took a step toward her.

"What is your name?" she asked.

He started, and put his finger to his lips.

She laughed, put her hand to her lips, and threw him a kiss.

"What is your name?" she repeated.

"Memento mori," he gasped.

"How droll!" she said. "That sounds like Latin, and I do not know Latin. I only know my own language, and the French which I am using. It is not good French. My accent is very bad. You remind me of a picture which I saw in Florence. It was of a young man into whom they had shot arrows. I think they called him Saint Sebastian. I see that you wear sandals. That is good; it gives one a carriage. The Arabs wear sandals, and they walk properly. I also wear no heels," and she put out her little feet. "In the evening, if I wear slippers, then heels—in the daytime, no. That is so that I may walk well. I sent the old man for the wine so that I might speak to you. He looks rather cross, but then he is old. It is very sad to be old. I am twenty. I have nearly ten years yet. Then I shall marry. It seems that you are not talking much, but you are blushing very nicely. I used to blush when men spoke to me. It is a very pretty accomplishment, but I have lost it. Still, if you will come to see me at the Hotel Saint George, I will try my best to recall it. Will you come? If you intend to say something nice to me, or to kiss my hand, you must do it very soon, before the old man returns with the wine."

"Madame," said the courier, "pray be careful. The Abbot is very strict."

"This Abbot," she said, with a laugh, "if one could only know, is probably nothing but a man."

Then she turned to Brother Angelo again, and whispered, "What is your name?"

The blood left his face, and he trembled like a leaf. Then he said, "My father was Count Apremont, and my mother was Miriam, the dancing-girl of Biskra." And he burst into tears.

There was a crash. Brother Ambrose stood in the door, and he had dropped the bottle of white wine.

The Englishman and the commercial traveller walked down the road together. "Monsieur," said the latter, "she is almost better in real life than on the stage."

"Very clever," said the Englishman. "Who is she?"

The commercial traveller stopped short, and looked hard at his companion. Finally he said:

"Is it possible that monsieur does not know? She is Dolores, the Spanish dancer. They pay her four thousand francs a night at the Folies Bergères."

II.

That evening, when Brother Ambrose had made his report, the Abbot sat silent for some moments, and then said,

"You are quite sure that he spoke?"

"Quite sure, father."

"And to a woman?"

"To a woman, father," and Brother Ambrose crossed himself.

"Was she an attractive person?"

"She was as handsome as the devil."

The Abbot looked up quickly, but Brother Ambrose was evidently sincere in his comparison.

"Yes," he continued, "in all the thirty years that I have been guest-master I have never seen one like her. When she walked up the room she seemed to float along; there was no movement of her skirts. There was a faint odor of violets about her that filled the air. She had a fashion of half closing her eyes and looking at you through the lashes. There was that picture of the repentant Magdalene which Brother Thomas painted last year, and which you bade him burn, because, although it was the Magdalene, it was not repentant. Well, this woman had that same look. Her throat—"

"That will do," said the Abbot; "I understand."

The two old men looked at each other silently. Then Brother Ambrose, shifting his feet and nervously fingering the beads of his rosary, said,

"Father, when the spring comes back, when the whole earth begins to breathe again, when the starlings build their nest in the great cross on the chapel roof, and the scent of the lilacs fills the air, do you never find 'memento mori,' hard words to say?"

The Abbot went to the window, looked out, came back, and said, slowly,

"Brother Ambrose, on such a night as this, after the manner of men, I fight with beasts at Ephesus."

"Thank God," said Brother Ambrose, solemnly, "that I am not the only one that is tempted. And now, father," he added, briskly, "what is to be done with Brother Angelo?"

"You may put him in the chapel cell for to-night," replied the Abbot, "and in the morning I will fix his penance. You may leave him his straw, and bring me the key of the cell."

"Is that all?" asked Brother Ambrose.

"Yes," replied the Abbot.

Brother Ambrose started for the door.

"Memento mori, father," he said.

The Abbot smiled.

"I will grant you an indulgence to-night, old friend. Good-night."

Brother Ambrose's lips quivered.

"Good-night," he said. And then he added, "Those words sound very sweet after thirty years."

In ten minutes he brought the key of the chapel cell, and the Abbot fastened it to his girdle.

Brother Ambrose lingered a moment, and then said,

"If it is permitted, father, I should like to say good-night once more."

"Good-night," said the Abbot, and then Brother Ambrose went away.

Left alone, the Abbot sat unconsciously playing with the keys at his waist; then rising, he extinguished the single candle upon his desk, and opening his door, stepped out upon the grass walk.

The garden was bathed in moonlight. On the long lines of almond-trees the white blossoms shone like silver stars. High on the chapel roof the great iron cross was silhouetted against the sky, and the Abbot could see, at the intersection of the arms, the starling's nest. He walked slowly on past the geraniums, their scarlet flowers black in the moonlight, and then he came to the roses. All about him were the bending stems, the delicate fresh leaves, and the great white flowers. He circled with his arms a dozen of the stalks, brought them close together, and buried his face in the mass of blossoms. He breathed in the fragrance with long gasps; and then, after a moment, he went on down the grass walk. At the corner of the wall was a stone bench, upon which the leaves of the vines cast delicate shadows. Here he took his seat. Behind him, trellised on the wall, was a mass of honeysuckle and jasmine, the perfume of which saturated the warm air. From the dove-cote came the soft cooing of the pigeons, and in the far-off fields he heard the lowing of the cattle; for even the birds and the beasts felt the sweet influence of the spring, and could not sleep.

The Abbot sat motionless for a moment, overwhelmed by the beauty of the night, then suddenly he threw himself upon his knees.

"O God," he sobbed, "help thy servant!"

When he rose, an hour later, his prayer had been answered, and a sweet smile played about his lips.

"I will do it this very night," he said to himself, and then he went swiftly up the grass walk. He did not enter his own room, but passed through the cloisters to a door near the chapel wall. He opened this door, went in, and closed it after him. He was then in a small passage which led to the barred door of the chapel cell. It was perfectly dark, but the Abbot put his hand on the wall and felt his way to the end of the passage.

"My son!" he whispered.

There was no answer, but the Abbot heard a rustling in the straw.

"My son," he said, his voice trembling, "what I read to thee this morning was all true, except that thy father did not die in the desert. He is alive and is here. I am Charles François Apremont. I am thy father."

There was no reply.

The Abbot put his hands upon the barred door, and it swung open. The lock was broken. With a cry he entered the cell. He felt the straw under his feet, and he heard a rat scamper out into the passage. The cell was empty.

The Abbot went quickly out through the cloisters, across the wide court-yard, where the fountain was casting jets of silver in the moonlight, and on down the paved walk to the great gates. He found them locked and barred as usual; but as he was turning away, he saw projecting from the shadow of the further gate-post the foot of a ladder. Then his heart failed him utterly, for he knew that he had lost his son.

He went slowly to the ladder, and tripping on his robe, he mounted step after step, until he could see the world surrounding the great wall which for more than twenty years had bounded his horizon.

He saw the white road stretching away to Algiers, and the long lines of eucalyptus-trees which bordered it and cast their shadows across it. He saw cultivated fields and patches of woodland, and far off in the distance he caught the twinkle of a light in the window of a shepherd's hut. As he gazed at these things, so strange and yet so well known, there surged from his heart to his mind the memories of the world. He saw himself at the head of his regiment. He heard the neighing of the horses, and he saw the glint of the moonlight on the sabres and the buckles. He heard the bugles; he saw the fierce skirmish in the desert; he saw the mosques and the citadel of Biskra; and then—ah, then he saw Miriam the dancing-girl coming to meet him under the palm-trees.

He waved his hand toward the distant city, and whispered: "Farewell, my son! God keep thee!"

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VII.—THE DYEA OR CHILKOOT TRAIL.

TWO months ago there was but one trail commonly known across the Chilkoot Mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon. That trail was known as the Chilkoot Pass route. The new trail, called the White Pass Trail, is now spoken of as the Skagway Trail, while the old Chilkoot Trail is called the "Dyea Trail." That the advertising of the Skagway Trail as a better route than by Dyea was premature no one pretends to dispute—nay, it is only in terms of unqualified condemnation that it is mentioned. Those who cut that trail honestly believed it to be better, as it affords a horse-trail clear over the Summit, whereas horses can at present be used only a portion of the way on the Dyea Trail. But the effect of rains and of thousands of men and horses tramping to and fro was never foreseen. Some who saw the trap in time pulled out and are now well over the Dyea Trail, while daily arrivals from Skagway are starting their goods over this, the only trail. In winter there is but one route and plan of work commonly followed—landing at Dyea, the goods to the extent of from four hundred to five hundred pounds are placed upon the seven-foot-long by sixteen-inch-wide sleigh previously described, and hauled up the Dyea River a distance of about nineteen miles to the foot of the Summit; thence it is packed over the forty-degree incline of three-quarters of a mile, more or less, over the Summit; thence on sleds again to Lake Lindeman, a distance in all of twenty-seven miles, where they wait till the opening of the river.

At this time of the year it is, of course, wholly different. Indians have been taking packs of from one hundred to two hundred pounds on their backs, either directly at Dyea, or first taking the goods in canoes to what is termed the head of canoe navigation, some six and a half miles from Dyea; and thence on their backs, making the first stop in the neighborhood of Sheep Camp, three or four miles this side the foot of the Summit, and then next day taking the load to Lindeman. The cost of this service has been fourteen or fifteen cents per pound. This year, however, horses and wagons have been put on the trail, and white men have come in to share the profitable rates of packing, for, with the rush, the rates have steadily gone up until they have touched high-water mark at forty cents per pound from Dyea to Lake Lindeman. The introduction of horses upon this trail, it was believed, would reduce the cost of transportation to a figure even below that charged formerly by the Indians. The fact that the Dyea Trail has for years been the well-known route to the Yukon has strangely been overlooked. Everything has been Skagway. The very steamers which clear for Dyea, the nominal sub-port, land their passengers and cargo at Skagway, and there has not been a voice raised in question. So thoroughly is the Skagway craze in possession of each new arrival and most of the old ones that it has not been possible to obtain reliable information about the Dyea Trail.

The Dyea River (pronounced here Di-yay) is, as I have mentioned before, a stream of nearly twice the volume of the Skagway. From the mouth of the canyon, eleven miles from the mouth so called, it flows through a level valley of sand and gravel and bowlders, with groves and patches of cottonwoods and spruce and birch, as at Skagway, while along its banks are thickets of alder and a species of willow, resembling the red willow of the East. Its swift, milky, ice-cold waters follow mainly the west side of the valley, but at various points little branches roam away from the main stream. It looks as if at high-water nearly the whole valley were the bed of a great torrent, and that at any time the bed of the present stream may shift its course. The river is filled with salmon, at this season, spawning, and with large fine trout. The woods, to the unobservant, seem devoid of life; there is no song of bird, but if one listens he will hear the low chirp of sparrows, while the hoarse croak of the raven is borne to the ear as it flaps lazily overhead. There are also red squirrels, and if those who have hunted in this region can be relied upon, the country abounds in large game as well as small—bears on the mountain-sides, mountain-goats (miscalled "sheep" here) on the summits that overlook the valley, and numerous small fur-bearing animals, whose presence will be better known after the frost and snow have come to preserve a record of their travels.

Dyea is a comparatively old settlement, its principal, it may be said only house being the store and dwelling and post-office occupied by Messrs. Healy and Wilson. Bob Wright, the pioneer of Dyea, is still upon the scene, a hale and hearty old man. Dyea is chiefly an Indian settlement. To the northward of the post-office and close by the bank of the river is the village, composed wholly of small dirty tents and little wooden cabins crowded close together. There are no totem-poles nor the large houses of more southern Alaska. But for the few permanent cabins, it would seem to be what it largely is, a small settlement where Indians congregate from various quarters, the Chilcats from the eastward and Stickeen Indians from down Fort Wrangel. They are Tlingits, and the men are short, heavy set, powerfully built, broad and thick of chest, large of head, with almost Mongolian eyes and massive jaws. Nearly all have stringy black mustaches that droop at the ends, and some have scant beards. Their color is a light brown. The women are hardly any of them good-looking, and have a habit of painting their faces a jet-black or chocolate-brown, and I have seen little girls who thus imitated their elder sisters and mothers. The face is rubbed with balsam, then with burnt punk, and this rubbed in with grease. They do this, I am told, for the same reason that their white sisters use paint and powder. They leave enough of their faces untouched about the chin, mouth, and eyes to give them a hideous, repulsive expression. The women prepare the greasy skin of the hair-seal, and make moccasins and boots and pack-straps for sale. The moccasins are of several patterns, but in general the sole and tongue are of seal, with the hair inside, and with white or blue tops that wrap around the ankle, and are held in place by a thong, as in one style of Canadian moose-hide moccasin. The pack-straps are made of cotton cloth lined with blanket, and are two inches wide and twenty inches long, having a loop at each end. These loops fasten to the top and bottom of the load, and pass around the shoulders in front. A third—"head-strap"—passes over the forehead, the ends being fastened to the load behind. In this way an Indian walks off with twice the load a white man will undertake to carry, and even young boys take their seventy-five pounds and go along with the men. Most arrangements for packing are made with Isaac, "Chief for the Chilkoots," as the sign reads above his cabin, but outside men can be hired. The Indian men's dress is varied and picturesque. Some wear the gayly colored Mackinaw jacket; others a blue denim garment, half shirt, half coat; others still a loose coat of blanket, the sleeves or a patch across the back being made of the striped ends, and as the blankets used by these Indians are of the most brilliantly assorted colors, the color-effects are distinctly striking. For head-gear they wear little common felt hats or bright wool toques or a colored kerchief. All possess rubber hip-boots, but when packing they wear only moccasins outside of "Siwash" or blanket socks, and sometimes an oversock to the knee. Indian fashion, dogs and children, men and women, crowd into their dirty abodes, which smell of spoiled fish. The dogs are not so numerous as I expected, nor yet so quarrelsome and noisy. The Indians train them not so much for sledge-drawing as for packing small loads on their backs, and it is not unusual to see an Indian with one or two medium-sized dogs, with a little pack on each side, sagging nearly to the ground, trotting along with his luncheon. When an Indian is packing he ties his single small blanket upon his back under the pack. A stout stick to balance with and to assist in climbing completes his outfit. Twenty or thirty Indians will take up packs and put a whole outfit over at one lick. They are not trustworthy and are wholly unscrupulous. They do nothing even for each other without a price, and I have carefully noticed that they make no distinction between themselves and whites even for the same service. If one engages them at a certain price and some one offers them more, they lay down their packs and take up the new ones; or if on the trail they hear of a rise in the scale, they stop and strike for the higher wages. Some of them speak good English. Indians from Sitka say these fellows are wild Indians, and look upon their ignorance of letters with some contempt. But if ignorant of letters, they are shrewd, hard traders, who are making money fast and saving it. They have a strong predilection for gold, but at the same time, as our silver friends will be pleased to know, silver is in no less favor with them. In fact, it seems to be hard money they want. I knew an Indian to declare solemnly he could not change a five-dollar bill, showing the only two silver dollars he had. But when a gold five was offered instead, he fished a whole handful of silver out of his pocket. They are taking all the small change out of circulation. They come to the traders several times a day, make a trifling purchase to get change, and then store it away. The small-change problem is indeed a serious one. There is not enough small currency in this country to do business with. The gamblers and the Indians are getting it all.

From the Indian village the road follows the western bank of the river to a point a mile above, called the Ferry. Here is a ford that at this pitch of water takes the wagons to their axles. Thence the road proceeds, crossing and recrossing some eight or nine times small branches of the Dyea, to Finnegan's Point (a distance of about five miles from Dyea), where the wagon-road at present ends. The foot trail, however, avoids so many crossings, and makes but two fords in that distance. From here is a horse-trail a mile to the head of canoe navigation, and thence, over a level stretch of sand and loose bowlders that needs only the clearing away of a few stones to make a splendid wagon-road, the mouth of the canyon is reached. The winter route follows the bed of the river, between steep forest-clad banks, a distance of two and a half or three miles, until the valley opens somewhat. The summer trail at present crosses the river by fording, or on a log, to the right-hand bank, and then, without attempting to follow the bed of the stream, makes boldly up the steep sides of the hill, and in several very steep but short ascents and descents, along the wooded slope of the mountain, reaching in one place a height of two or three hundred feet above the bed of the river, it drops to the level again, and at the head of the canyon recrosses the river on a bridge. This bridge replaces a dangerous ford. It is the work of private parties, who charge a toll of fifty cents a load on every horse that crosses. The trail now follows the bed of the stream, which is wide and gravelly, the horse-trail fording again and again one or another of the splits of the river, but the foot-trail either crossing on logs or keeping well up the side of the hill. The only bad part of the road is in the canyon, but for the most part this has been well corduroyed, so that no matter how much it rains or how sloppy it may be, there is solid footing. There are spots where horses go down repeatedly, and above the canyon there are miry spots that are soon passed. It does not seem a difficult trail at all. One finds constant relief in the good portions, which are dry and splendid, conditions which one does not for a moment find on the Skagway Trail, which, after leaving the Foot of the Hill, affords not the slightest relief from the mud and rocks. Here at Dyea there is a trail; at Skagway there is no trail, unless mud and rocks suffice to make a trail. Pack-trains run daily from Dyea to Sheep Camp, carrying 200 pounds per horse, and returning the same night, with hardly ever an accident. Two men on horseback attend to ten or twelve horses. Of course these use experienced pack-horses as well as packers. Both horses and men know their business. This is too hard a trip for new horses, so that it is better to wagon one's stuff to Finnegan's Point, and thence to make a daily trip to Sheep Camp. A good many pack, as at Skagway, with narrow hand-carts, to the end of the wagon-road, and then pack on their backs or by horse, while others build large flat-bottomed scows or skiffs, into which they pile all their goods, and, attaching a tow-line, two or three take hold and wade along the banks, while another remains on the boat to steer.

What is called "canoe navigation" on the Dyea River deceives most people. The Dyea is a very rapid stream, and the loaded canoe or boat must be pushed and pulled inch by inch, foot by foot, until a point is reached where a boat can no longer be dragged or coaxed. The Indians in their great black canoes can make the trip in half a day, but it takes many of the inexperienced miners two days of the hardest labor. Outfits are being lost every day and goods destroyed by the boats capsizing, though there have been no drownings in the river thus far. Boats twenty to twenty-four feet long cost in Skagway about twenty dollars, but most of those who do their own boating build their own boats.

The wind up Lynn Canal had abated somewhat, so that I took passage with a Stickeen Indian and his squaw, who were about starting for Dyea in their canoe. The canoe was about thirty-five feet long and six feet broad, made of a single stick of yellow cedar, double-ended, with overhanging stem and stern. The tree is hewn into shape outside, then burned and scraped out inside to a thinness of an inch and a half or two inches. The inside is filled with water which is heated with hot stones, and the canoe is stretched sidewise and the sides braced by cross-pieces which are made wide enough for seats for those who row and paddle. A family or two will own one canoe, and when they break camp the children and dogs and hen-coops are piled in front, and each adult takes a paddle or an oar. It is an amusing sight to see one of these big black canoes going by, an old squaw in the stern with a paddle, then a middle-aged man pulling an oar, another old man pushing an oar, while all the rest paddle along the side wherever they get a chance. There are no lazy ones among them; every one lends a hand.

At Dyea the long row of tents was still there, but it had moved farther up the river. Almost the first thing upon landing I stumbled across Jim, who, to my astonishment, said he had just arrived with his goods from Skagway, having been able to get no one to venture out in the high sea. To my further dismay, my goods had been flooded by the unusually high tide, together with a score of other outfits, and were probably ruined. Some stranger had taken my goods in charge, and had paid a wagoner twelve dollars to secure the floating boat lumber and to carry the submerged sacks to a high point a quarter of a mile back, where they now were. Where was the contractor who was supposed to have the goods well on the way? He was not to be found, but his wagoner was there. Here were the goods; would he take them now? He had not time to-day. There they were, wet, perhaps destroyed. So, without further delay, we got part of the outfit into a large canoe, and with the help of the two Indians we towed our stuff two miles up, to the spot called the Ferry. On the point of land across the river are the tents and baggage of a number of parties belonging to the Leadbetter outfit. We landed our goods here, set up our tent among the others, and in the morning got another canoe and brought up the rest, the whole, including a ton of feed, amounting to at least forty-five hundred pounds. The cost for my share alone was sixteen dollars. Jim gets the stove up so as to dry out some of our things. As soon as possible I open the bags that contain clothing, and find that the salt water had soaked through the carelessly tied ends as they had lain completely submerged, and every single article in three sacks was wringing wet. Leather mittens, moccasins, blankets, and furs were wringing wet; boxes had come apart, labels off bottles. I was still sure of the photographic outfit, which had been ordered from the factory in hermetically sealed tins. Imagine, then, my feelings as I unwrapped one after another of the dripping tins, and found each and every one sealed with a rubber band! When opened, water ran out of the inside. Two hundred and fifty plates, including a hundred celluloid cut films. We got the stove inside the tent, shut everything down tight, rigged up lines, wrung the water out of the fabrics, and at the end of two days, during part of which time the sun helped us, we got everything dry. Medicine-chests had to be nailed together, but the main part of a valuable photographic outfit was wholly destroyed. Only a sack or two of flour was damaged, and some dried fruit. Groceries I could replace—in fact, at less prices than at Victoria or San Francisco—right there on the beach at Lynn, from those who had decided to turn back. But the photographic plates could not be replaced short of a month. I immediately telegraphed *via* Seattle to the factory for fresh supplies to be delivered by Wells, Fargo, & Co., who have just established an agency at Skagway, and will run a parcel express overland to Dawson, by arrangement with the carriers of the United States mail. The wet films will not be wholly lost—they will make window-panes for our cabin in Dawson!

Tappan Adney.

BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.

The "latest thing" from the Klondike is Pat Galvin. He arrived night before last (October 9) at Seattle, on the steamer *Rosalie*, having started from Dawson City August 29, 1897, and refused $300,000 for his claims before leaving. He brought with him something like $20,000 in gold-dust, and a nugget, which he nonchalantly pulled from his trousers pocket to show me, that weighs a little over one pound. And he says there are others. Many other men arrived on the *Rosalie*. Four had been successful in crossing the Chilkoot Pass; the rest had failed. Some in failing had lost their all. Some returned broken in health—all broken in spirit. But Galvin was the only man on the boat, for he carried the dust, and bore the evidence of success in his face. Though having had a hard trip, he looked vigorous. Another case of the winner sitting up at the finish.

I talked with Galvin within an hour after his arrival. He is a familiar type of the pioneer miner—strong-featured, not an ounce of extra flesh, reticent. He is a tinner, who in Montana served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office, and forsook both trades three years ago to go into Alaska. He was "staked" the small stock of merchandise he took in with him, and little had been heard of him until he turned up Saturday night, a rich man.

EVOLUTIONS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET—"IOWA" AND "MASSACHUSETTS" DEFE

DEFEND SQUADRON AGAINST TORPEDO-BOAT ATTACK.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1101.]

His case is an illustration of the successful ones. We do not hear so much of the other kind, though they are returning to Seattle, unannounced perhaps, but eloquent with their faces, out of which the hope has gone.

Like in all gold excitements, followed by a stampede for the diggings, the sufferers have been the inexperienced and the physically weak.

The death of horses has been tremendous. They have broken down under the terrific work to which they have been put. Those who used oxen for packing were wise, since, having reached the top of the pass, their flesh sold as high as seventy-five cents a pound, and in the case of accident they served as food for their owners.

Perhaps it is well there has been so much human suffering this autumn; it may save greater hardship in the spring when the rush begins. At present there is no movement toward the Klondike, and will be none until the spring opens. Seattle is full of men, wintering, but for the greater part they are men of experience, who know the folly of an attempt to penetrate the arctic regions at this season.

About 5000 men have, since the first excitement in the summer, got over the passes and gone down to Dawson, and, as near as can be estimated, there are now about 1000 scattered over the trails to the passes, struggling to reach the head-waters of the Yukon. How many will succeed none can say—perhaps fifty per cent.

One of the men who came out with Galvin told me that the stores at Dawson were holding their provisions, and that about 200 men are on their way out to winter at Seattle and other Puget Sound towns. Of the men on the trails, not half are adequately supplied with provisions. When they started on the trip from the water they lightened their packs to the utmost, and must endure starvation in addition to physical collapse unless help comes. Help probably will come to some extent to those who happen to be prostrated near the camps of the more successful. It is probable that there will be a pool of provisions before the winter is over, both at Dawson and in the camps at the lakes beyond Chilkoot Pass.

Yet, for all that, it seems as though nothing can intervene between great suffering and hundreds now struggling towards the Klondike.

Galvin said the Klondike was of course already staked, but that the entire country seemed to be gold-bearing, although streaky in deposits. Previous to this Klondike excitement miners in a dozen different places had been taking out $10, $15, $20, per day, but had left those as not worth working when the Klondike was struck. Galvin said on one of his claims he had shovelled in $1000 a day, and he knew of others equally rich. Another man told me he had seen $800 taken out in a single pan; another, that in one of the claims the gravel six inches from bed-rock is "all gold." These are tall stories—the familiar ones attendant upon gold excitements. Unquestionably, by all accounts, certain sections of eastern and southern Alaska and of western British Columbia are gold-bearing to a very considerable extent. Some districts are rich, and the average is high. But the season for work is very short, provisions very costly, and the process of mining elaborate. Shafts are sunk through the frozen earth after it is thawed, and tunnels drifted from the shafts along the pay streak. The gravel thus obtained is piled up until the midsummer, when the water is high, and then shovelled into the sluice-boxes.

Those who go in the spring must remember that wherever gold has been found in considerable paying quantities, that district is well taken up; they must go prepared to *find* not only gold, but new districts containing it. Without experience they are not likely to succeed. They may, of course, stumble upon paying dirt, as has been done many times before, but no mining country has ever been opened that required so much experience and money as that on the Yukon. There will be probably 10,000 men go into the Klondike next spring; for those with experience and some money, say $1000, when they reach there certainly the country offers many good chances of success. To those of no mining experience, but of discernment, and what in the West is called "horse-sense," who can arrive at the Klondike with from $3000 to $5000 cash, and can keep their heads on their shoulders, there is also splendid opportunity for making money. To those with neither money nor experience Klondike should be a forbidden place when the great rush begins in the spring.

If any one or party sets out for the Klondike this winter *viâ* Great Slave Lake, Mackenzie River, McPherson, Porcupine River, and thence up Yukon, let them take enough provisions to last them the entire route of about 2500 miles; they cannot depend on getting any provisions from the Hudson Bay Company posts, which, as a rule, have little more than enough for themselves. This is not a good route; in fact, I doubt if a party of more than eight, or more than one such party, could get through. It would be impossible to take dogs (to haul sledges) from Edmonton to Fort McPherson, which is 1800 miles, and enough dogs could not be engaged from post to post. There is the possibility of a route some of these days—up the Peace River, thence to the Pelly River, and thence to Yukon; but as yet that route is only a possibility, and would be hazardous unless undertaken by thoroughly experienced men, well provisioned. The best route, undoubtedly, is that over Chilkoot Pass; by this way it is 1700 miles from Seattle to Dawson, and your hard work does not begin until half the distance has been accomplished.

There is talk of a railroad—but it will not help the argonauts of next spring. Besides, if it takes the course at present discussed it is not likely to reach the gold country for some time.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

VANCOUVER, B. C., *October 11, 1897.*

CONCERNING CERTAIN CONTEMPORARY ESSAYISTS.

IT has been loudly asserted of late that the essay is dead, and that this exquisite literary form, elaborated by Steele and Addison, and cherished by Goldsmith and Irving, is no longer in favor among men of letters. If those who make this assertion are answered that the vitality of the form is proved, for instance, by the score of volumes from a dozen different writers contained in *Harper's American Essayists*, and by the succeeding volumes of *Harper's Contemporary Essayists*, and by not a few volumes issued sporadically from the presses of other publishers, the deniers retort that in these various volumes there are essays, no doubt, but not the real essay—not the essay of the eighteenth century. And in this retort there is a certain modicum of truth. The essay as we know it now, at the end of the nineteenth century, is necessarily not just what it was at the beginning of the eighteenth. The change is in a measure the result of natural development. A reader of *The Tatler* and of *The Spectator* and of their successors finds in their pages a great variety. He finds not merely the discoursive and allusive discussion of men and manners; he finds also in germ articles belonging to kinds of writing which in the course of two centuries have differentiated themselves from the essay pure and simple. He finds there the short story, the character sketch, the humorous fantasy, the book review, the theatrical criticism, the letter from the special correspondent, and even the obituary notice. In other words, the essay of Steele and Addison has put forth many branches; and some of these branches have flourished so abundantly that they overshadow the parent stem.

Yet even in our own time there have been written essays not a few quite in accord with the best tradition inherited from the eighteenth century. In our own country this tradition was abundantly possessed by the late George William Curtis; and in the occupant of the "Easy Chair" no one could fail to find a legitimate successor of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Like the long line of his predecessors, Mr. Curtis took for the text of his playful preaching the themes of the moment, making a catholic choice from the kaleidoscope of Time:

> But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
> Why, of spots on the sun, and the man in the moon;
> Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the City,
> The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

But the gentleman and the scholar who could discourse of these trifles with playful elegance was not a mere spectator of life, not a mere citizen of the world. He was a citizen of no mean city, and he stood ready always to bear the burden and heat of the day. The younger Pliny described one of his friends as a man "who did nothing for ostentation, but all for conscience; who sought the reward of virtue in itself, and not in the praise of man." The art of right living, of which Mr. Curtis gave so fine an example in his own career, he also set forth incidentally in one and another of his essays. Of these papers a score or more are now collected into a volume—*Ars Recte Vivendi, Being Essays Contributed to the Easy Chair*. It is with the minor morals that these discourses deal. But was ever any one more lightly or more delightfully didactic? Herein we discover the true art of being a gentleman expounded with apt allusion and with pertinent anecdote. Herein we peruse half a dozen discussions of newspaper ethics, the reading of which might tend to mend the manners of the conductors of certain New York newspapers, if, on the contrary, it did not make their consciences even more greenery-yallery than at present. For the most part these papers have been chosen to interest young men, and more particularly the young men at our universities. Some of the themes are "Extravagance at College," "Hazing," "Secret Societies," and "Tobacco and Manners." Of Mr. Curtis, as of Goldsmith, it may be said that he touched nothing he did not adorn.

In one of these essays Mr. Curtis declares that it was a wise father who said to his son, "Beware of the woman who allows you to kiss her," and on this he comments that "the woman who does not require of a man the form of respect invites him to discard the substance." If one can judge from the brisk and vivacious essays *From a Girl's Point of View*, which Miss Lilian Bell has recently sent forth in a volume, a woman now requires of a man a great deal more than mere respect. What Miss Bell as a Woman least likes in Man is his condescending attitude; apparently she holds, with Stevenson, that "condescension is an excellent thing, but it is strange how one-sided is the pleasure of it."

Miss Bell has a very pretty wit, playing on the surface the most of the time, but going down for a deeper thought now and again. Like the women who pretend that they dress to please other women while really aiming their costumes at the other sex, Miss Bell makes believe that she is writing for other women while really writing at the men. She has a constant crackling of epigram against them; and yet an aggressive champion of her sex might be moved to cast out Miss Bell as a traitor in the camp. Here, for instance, are a handful of extracts:

> I never argue with anybody, either man or woman, because women are not reasonable beings and men are too reasonable. I am never willing to follow a chain of reasoning to its logical conclusion, because, if I do so, men can make me admit so many things that are not true. (P. 6.)
>
> Women—nice, sweet women, the kind *we* know—seldom tell a real untruth. But they have a way of persuading themselves that what they are about to say is the truth. (P. 23.)
>
> I shall never get over wanting to get behind some man if I see a cow. Let them give us a vote, if they will. I shall want at least three men to go with me to the polls—one to hold my purse, one to hold my gloves, and the third to show me how to vote. (P. 44.)
>
> For myself, I consider absolute honesty most unpleasant. I never knew any really nice, lovable women who were unflinchingly honest. (P. 46.)
>
> Girls seldom quarrel with each other except over some man, and while they intend to be loyal to each other, they cannot seem to manage it if there is a man in the case. (P. 102.)
>
> And what is it that makes the American girl so dangerous for all the other women in the world to compete with? It is because she studies her man. And how did she learn it? By seeing her mother manage her father, or perhaps by seeing how easily her father could be managed if her mother only understood him better. (P. 121.)

Miss Bell is evidently one of the feminine women not advanced and yet not retiring. Her final essay on "The New Woman" is good sense well put. As different as may be from Miss Bell's anatomizing of sex is the analysis made by Mr. Harry Thurston Peck in one of the essays now gathered into *The Personal Equation*. Miss Bell is nothing if not American; Mr. Peck is unhesitatingly American also, but with most cosmopolitan interests. In this volume he discusses Mr. Howells, M. Marcel Prévost, Mr. George Moore, Herr Nordau—an American, a Frenchman, an Irishman, and a German; and he expresses his opinion frankly on children's story-books, on American education, and on political oratory.

It was perhaps some friend of Miss Bell's who declared that an agreeable man was a man who always agreed with you. In a similar sense of the word, it is possible to say that Mr. Peck is not an agreeable writer, for he provokes violent contradictions. His criticism is never saccharine, rather is it astringent. Nor is it ever commonplace; but the more individual it is, the more stimulating. He forces those who do not hold with him to take thought seriously to buttress their own opinions. His pages bristle with bright points, and he abounds in apt illustrations of his thought. He is given also to the excursus; and thus in the paper on Mr. Howells he characterizes the chief American cities, and in the essay on M. Prévost he considers the French theory of marriage. Mere literature is too limited a field for him—and it is always hard for a true critic of literature not to be also a critic of the larger life lying outside the world of books. That Mr. Peck is a true critic of literature these pages prove beyond question; he has the equipment and the insight, the sympathy and the sanity.

It is upon some of Mr. Peck's opinions about American education and about American fiction that I should like the privilege of debate, for which space fails here. To his searching analysis of "American Feeling toward England" I can take no exception. In this richly documented essay Mr. Peck states certain of the reasons why the American friendliness for the elder brother in Great Britain is dashed with a strong distaste for many of the elder brother's peculiarities. Here Mr. Peck's attitude is not unlike that of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge in his *Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays in Literature and Politics*, and that of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in his *American Ideals*. It is the attitude which Anglomaniacs denounce as Anglophobia, but which is really nothing more than intellectual independence fortified by an understanding of national characteristics. Mr. Peck's essays are more often literary than Mr. Lodge's or Mr. Roosevelt's, but all three books have the immense advantage of not viewing the world from the merely literary stand-point. Mr. Peck is an educator holding a position of importance in a prominent university, Mr. Lodge is a Senator of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt is Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They are all three men who have seen the world and done their share of the world's work, and this it is that gives validity and variety to their writing. Bagehot used to complain that the men who knew how to write did not know anything else, while the men who really knew something could not write. That Mr. Peck, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Roosevelt know how to hold their own in the world their record shows; that they know how to write is proved by the books before us.

Mr. Lodge likes to stem the tide of opinions, and he points out that *chivalric* is a very foolish epithet to apply to the Homeric heroes, that the Richard III. of Shakespeare is probably a misrepresentation of the last Plantagenet, and that Chatterton was really a poet beneath the frippery of his pseudo-archaism. He chats about Dr. Holmes in the spirit of the genuine essayist. He considers Shakespeare's Americanisms, and he waives aside the absurd claim of our British cousins to an absolute ownership of the language which is our inheritance as well as theirs. He gives an account of the things he read and saw in England during the last general election, and, interesting as the other essays are, this is the paper which to me is the most important in the book. It is admirable in temper, in taste, in reserve; it is abundant in facts collected by personal observation and in quotations taken from the London newspapers; and it is absolutely convincing to any mind open to conviction. The perusal of it can be recommended to all Americans who are weary of being told that the politics of Great Britain are perfectly pure, while the politics of the United States are wholly corrupt.

In the address delivered before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa society, Mr. Lodge pleads for a liberal education which shall first of all make the scholar a good citizen of his own country, proud of its past, and pledged to sustain its future. A thought similar to these is the staple of Mr. Roosevelt's essay on "American Ideals," and of the other papers which accompany it, and which emphasize ideas closely akin to this. Mr. Roosevelt is a robust writer, not afraid of clear thinking and of plain speaking; and all these essays are stamped with his vehement sincerity. Like Mr. Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt is a carefully trained student of history, but in neither of them has culture killed vigor. There is no reason why the scholar, who is expected to be a gentleman, should not be a man also. Mr. Roosevelt stands sturdily for an ideal of good citizenship, not afraid to front the assault of the unthinking. He tells us that these essays were written in behalf of the many men who are taking an actual part in the hard work of trying to raise the standard of public life. "We feel that the doer is better than the critic," he asserts, "and that the man who strives stands far above the man who stands aloof, whether he stands aloof because of pessimism or because of sheer weakness."

Mr. Roosevelt discusses with ample knowledge, and with the wisdom that comes of personal experience, the conditions of practical politics in New York city and in New York State; he argues cogently and with abundant illustration for the reform of the civil service, and for the rescue of the police force from the rule of partisan politicians. He analyzes acutely the central thoughts of books like Kidd's *Social Evolution*, Adams's *Civilization and Decay*, and Pearson's *National Life and Character*. But his first essay is on "American Ideals," and his second is on "True Americanism"; and it is not too much to say that the theme of the whole book is Americanism. It is a manly and self-respecting Americanism, essentially like the Americanism of Emerson and of Lowell, and as different as possible from the pitiful self-praising pseudo-patriotism that delights in calling the stars and stripes by the unspeakably foolish term, "Old Glory," and that does not shrink from using the national flag as a partisan emblem. It is an Americanism which accepts the facts of American life, and which believes that every man should do his duty in politics as in war. Mr. Roosevelt is ever pleading vigorously for the exercise of civic patriotism, for without this the state cannot be preserved; but he does not fail to hold up also the old-fashioned military virtues without which the state simply ceases to be. The American essayist who is Queen Victoria's contemporary is in accord with that first of English essayists who was Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, in thinking that "walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like—all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the north, however, affairs had not gone so prosperously. Germanos, who was practically commander-in-chief of the army at Kalavryta, less wise than his colleague at Valtetzi, had risked an attack on the citadel at Patras, and suffered a severe defeat. As at Karitena, a cavalry charge ought to have made him follow Nicholas's example, but he stuck with misplaced bravery to his attempt until a second body of cavalry took him in the rear and cut off his retreat. With desperate courage the men cut their way through the latter, but the loss was enormous compared to that sustained by the Turks, and nothing was gained by it, for the citadel of Patras still remained in the hands of the enemy.

News of this disaster was brought to Valtetzi about the 5th of May, with the information that Turkish soldiers, consisting of eight hundred cavalry and fifteen hundred infantry, had set out eastward along the Gulf of Corinth, under the command of an able Turkish officer, Achmet Bey. Five days afterwards it was reported that they had reached Argos; and next day, while a skirmishing party engaged the Greeks on the hills opposite, the rest of the force passed quietly down the road, and reached Tripoli the same evening. It was a splendid achievement; their appearance was literally unlooked-for, and Petrobey from that hour held himself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made.

Achmet Bey found Tripoli in a very poor condition; the incessant ravages of the Greeks on the plain, their destruction of crops and capture of flocks and herds, as well as the great influx of population, had even now begun to make themselves felt within the walls, for it and the plain in which it stood were cut off from all assistance, and the plain lay barren and desolate. He saw at once that it was necessary to establish connection with Messenia, for the plain of Argos was occupied by bands of insurgent Greeks, and he had himself got through with difficulty. Though its port, Nauplia, was still in the hands of the Turks, it also was isolated from connection with the mainland by the insurgents of the plain, and the newly created Greek fleet from the islands of Psara and Spetzas kept it in a state of semi-blockade by sea, and all provisions were got in with difficulty and consumed in the town. But, not knowing that Petrobey had established posts on the passes over Taygetus from Kalamata, and into Arcadia, Achmet thought that a successful attack on Valtetzi would enable him to open regular communication with Messenia.

It was only on the morning of the 24th of May that the attack was made. At dawn the sentries on the walls of Valtetzi saw a troop of cavalry issue from the southern gate at Tripoli, followed by long columns of infantry, and in a quarter of an hour the camp was humming like swarming bees. Petrobey had established a system of signals with the post on the other side of the valley; but thinking that this might be only a scheme to draw both parts of the army together, and allow fresh re-enforcements to reach the town, he made no sign to them, leaving them to guard the road from Argos.

It was a clear blue morning after a frosty night, and the troops defiling from the gate looked like lines of bright-mailed insects at that distance. First came the infantry, marching in eight separate columns, and containing some five hundred men; next a long line of baggage-mules, followed by horses pulling two guns; and last the cavalry on black Syrian horses, very gayly caparisoned. Nicholas had an excellent field-glass, which he had been given by the captain of an English ship in return for some service, and he and Petrobey watched them until the gates closed again behind.

Petrobey shut up the glass with a happy little sigh.

"That will do very nicely," he said to Nicholas. "They will want to entice us into the plain, but I think we will not go there. I don't want to meet those gay cavalry yet, nor yet those two bright guns. We will have breakfast, dear cousin."

The bugle sounded for rations, and Petrobey told the men to eat well, "for," said he, "there will be no dinner to-day, I am thinking. But," and his eyes sparkled, and he pointed to the enemy, "there will be dessert there."

The men grinned, and soon the light blue smoke went up from a hundred fires where they were making their coffee. Two or three sentries only remained on the walls, who were told to report to Petrobey when the column left the road on which they were marching and turned off, either westward towards Valtetzi, or eastward towards the post on the opposite hills. He and Nicholas had hardly sat down to breakfast, however, when an orderly ran in, saying that the post on the other side of the valley was signalling. Petrobey finished an egg before replying.

"I am not of the signalling corps, my friend," he said. "Let the message be read and brought to me. Some more coffee, Nicholas. It strikes me as particularly good this morning."

The message from the signalling body came back in a minute or two. They were asking for orders merely.

"Stop where you are," dictated Petrobey, "and watch to see if Turkish re-enforcements are coming from Argos. If so, signal here at once. If the troops which have come out of Tripoli turn and attack you, run away, drawing them after you, if possible. There will be fighting for us. Pray for your comrades."

"And now, dear cousin," he said to Nicholas, when they had finished breakfast, "we will talk, if you please."

An hour afterwards an orderly came in to say that the troops had left the road and were making straight towards Valtetzi, and Petrobey got up.

"Every one to his post on the walls," he said; "but let no one fire until the word is given. Let all the captains of the companies be told."

Petrobey took up his post over the gate on the wall. It was pierced all along with narrow slits for firing from, and in a few minutes each of these was occupied by four men, two of whom could fire at the same time, while the two behind were employed in loading their muskets. Outside, the walls were some nine feet high, built on ground which sloped rapidly away, in some places precipitously for two hundred feet, while inside it rose to within five feet of the top of the wall. There a man standing up could see over, and Petrobey remained in his place, looking over the top and watching the troops.

He observed that the infantry had separated into two parties, one of whom had left the road and was marching away from them towards the post on the other side of the valley, while the other and larger half was advancing towards them. The cavalry followed these latter, but halted when the hills began to rise more steeply out of the plain. The smaller portion of the infantry was evidently going to try to draw the Greeks from the other post down into the plain, while the cavalry, who staid at the bottom of the pass below Valtetzi, would hinder help being sent from there. This Petrobey noticed with a pleasant smile. The others knew exactly what to do, and meantime the force which would assault Valtetzi would be weakened by more than a quarter of its men. Most of it, however, consisted of Albanian infantry, who were largely in Turkish pay, and who, as he well knew, earned their pay well; for they were men of the hills and the open air, who knew how to use a sword, and could run.

Each hundred men in the Greek camp—that is to say, twenty-five of these groups of four—were under the orders of a captain, who in turn were under the direction of Petrobey, and in all about two thousand men lined the walls. Of the remainder, fifty were employed in distributing ammunition and were in readiness to bring fresh ammunition to the defenders, a hundred more were ready to take the places of any who were killed at their posts, and the rest, some eight hundred men, were standing under arms on the small parade-ground in the centre of the camp, under command of Nicholas. They would not, however, be required just yet, and he told them to pile arms and fall out, but not to leave the ground so that they could not be recalled in a moment if wanted. Mitsos was in attendance on Nicholas, and Yanni stood by Petrobey, ready to take his orders to any part of the camp.

An hour elapsed before the Albanian infantry appeared above the ridge some five hundred yards off, and still in the Greek camp there was perfect silence. Then, opening out, they advanced at a double, intending, evidently, to try to storm the place. But they had clearly not known that it was fortified, and while they were still about four hundred yards off they halted at a word of command, and sheltered among the big bowlders that strewed the hill-side. Still in the Greek camp there was no sound or movement; only Yanni ran across to Nicholas with the order, "Be ready," and he called his men up, and they stood in line with their arms. Then Petrobey saw the Albanians all running to one point behind a small spur of hill about four hundred yards away, where they were hidden from sight.

There was a long pause; each individual man in the camp knew that the enemy were close, that in a few minutes a battle would begin; but in the mean time they could not see any one. Two miles away on the plain stood the glittering mailed insects, the Turkish cavalry, and six miles off, a mere speck, was the troop which had gone across to the east. The suspense was almost unbearable; every nerve was stretched to its highest tension, and every man exhibited his nervous discomfort in his own peculiar way. Christos, who was stationed at one of the loop-holes straight towards the enemy, merely turned cold and damp, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with a flabby hand; Yanni, who had gone back to Petrobey, got very red in the face, and swore atrociously and to himself; a young recruit from Megalopolis suddenly threw back his head and laughed, and the sergeant of his company vented his own tension by cuffing him over the head, and yet the boy laughed on; Mitsos, standing by Nicholas, whistled the "Vine-Diggers' Song" between his teeth; Father Andréa, who had begged to be allowed to serve in some way, and was a loader for the two men next Petrobey, chanted gently below his breath the first verse of the "Te Deum" last sung at Kalamata, over and over again; Nicholas stood still, his hawk eyes blazing; but most were quite silent, shifting uneasily at their posts, standing now on one leg, now on the other. Petrobey, perhaps alone—for he had to think for them all—was quite calm, and his mind fully occupied. The spur behind which the Albanians were massed was almost opposite the gate over which he stood. The chances were that they would try to storm it—perhaps try to storm both the gates together, the other of which was diagonally opposite to him.

At last! Round the shoulder of the hill poured the troops, still four hundred yards distant. When the last line had come into the open the first was about two hundred and seventy yards off, and Petrobey, glancing hastily at the numbers, spoke to Yanni without turning his head.

"They are going to attack the other gate as well," he said. "Direct the fire yourself; you know the order."

Yanni rushed across the camp, and just as he got on to the other gate he heard a volley of musketry from Petrobey's side. The Albanians had separated into two columns, one of which, skirting round the camp out of musket range, now appeared opposite the second gate at the distance of about two hundred and fifty yards. He waited till he saw the whites of their eyes, and then "Fire!" he cried.

They were advancing in open file at first, but they closed as they got nearer, and a solid column of men advanced at a rapid double up the hundred-yards incline. The first volley took them when the foremost were about sixty yards off, but it was rather wild, and the men for the most part shot over their heads. Two more volleys were delivered, with rather more effect, before they got up to the gate, but they still pressed on. A party of men had halted on the hill behind, about a hundred and twenty yards off, and were returning the fire, but without effect, for the defenders were protected by the wall, and the bullets either struck that or whistled over the top.

Meantime the Greeks in the centre of the walls between the two gates were still unemployed, but before ten seconds were passed Petrobey saw that they would be wanted, and sent a sergeant flying across to marshal them—the first rows kneeling, the others standing—opposite the gate, which he saw was on the point of yielding to the assault. Nicholas, meantime, had brought up his men opposite the gate on which Yanni was standing, and was prepared, in case it was forced, to receive them in the same manner.

Before five minutes had elapsed since the first appearance of the Albanians round the hill, Petrobey's gate fell in with a crash; but the assailants were met by a volley of bullets which fairly drove them off their feet, and next moment the gate was clear again. Then Nicholas knew his time had come. He took his men at the double out of the gate and close round the walls, so that the firing which was directed at the enemy went over their heads, and while the detachment inside still stood ready to repel any attack on the broken gate, took them round, and they fell on the party who were attacking the opposite gate, taking them in both flanks. At that moment Yanni, seeing what was happening, stopped the fire from inside the walls, and at an order from Petrobey caused the gate to be opened, and out rushed a company of those who had been defending that side of the camp. This treble attack made short work of the assailants, and in a couple of minutes more the hill-sides were covered with groups of men in individual combat. The party left on the hill being no longer able to fire into the *mêlée*, left their post and ran to join; and Petrobey, leaving only a small number of men inside—sufficient to defend both gates—called out all the rest, and headed the charge on the first attacking party in person.

Up and down the stony hill-sides chased and were chased the Greeks. Now and then a party of Albanians would try to form in some sort of order to make a combined assault on the broken-down gate, and as often they were broken up by knots of men who rushed wildly upon them from all sides. In point of numbers the Albanians had had the advantage at the first attack, but that fire from the walls had been very deadly, and there was no reply possible, and now the Greeks had the superiority.

Mitsos, who had gone out with Nicholas, found himself almost swept off his feet by the rush of his own countrymen from the gate, and for a few moments he was carried along helpless, neither striking nor being able to strike, but with a curious great happiness in his heart, singing the "Vine-Diggers' Song," though he knew not he was singing it. Then suddenly at his elbow appeared a red, fierce face, and he found himself side by side with Yanni, who was swearing as hard as he could, not because he was angry, but because the madness of fighting was on him, and it happened to take him that way.

"Don't shout, you big pig," shouted he to Mitsos. "Why, in the name of all the devils in the pit, don't you get out of my way?"

"Fat old Yanni!" shouted Mitsos. "Come on, little cousin. 'Dig we deep among the vines.' Eh, but there are fine grapes for the gathering!"

"Go to the devil!" screamed Yanni. "Hullo, Mitsos! Oh, this is better!"

They had squeezed themselves out into a backwater of the stream, and straight in front stood a great hairy Albanian, with his sword just raised to strike. But Mitsos, flying at him like a wild-cat, threw his hand which grasped his short daggerlike sword in the man's face as you would throw a stone, and the uplifted blade swung over his back harmlessly, while the handle of his own dagger made a great red rent in the man's face, and he fell back.

"Your mother won't know you," sung out Mitsos, burying his knife in his throat. "'Dig we deep'—that's deep enough, Yanni—'the summer's here.'"

There was little work for muskets, for no man had time or room to load, and Yanni went on his blasphemous way, swinging his by the barrel, and dealing blows right and left with the butt, and in a few minutes he and Mitsos found themselves out of the crowd, alone but for a dead Greek lying there on a little hillock, some fifty yards from the gate, while the fight flickered up and down on each side of them.

"Eh, but there's little breath left in this carcass," panted Yanni. "Why, Mitsos, your head's all covered with blood; it's there, on your forehead."

Mitsos's black curls, in fact, were all dripping from a cut on his head, and between the blood and the dust and sweat he was in a fine mess, but until now he had not noticed it. Yanni bound it up for him with a strip of his shirt, and the two ran down again into the fight. There the tide was strongly setting in favor of the Greeks, but the Albanians were beginning to form again on a spur of rock, and stragglers from below kept joining them. Petrobey, thinking that this was preparatory to another attack on this gate, drew off some hundred men from the Mainotes, who had stuck together, and were the only company who preserved even the semblance of order, as an additional defence, when he saw that there was no such intention on the enemy's part, for the body suddenly wheeled and disappeared over the brow of the hill in the direction of the plain, followed by those who were fighting in other parts of the field. For the time they had had enough of this nest of hornets.

They retreated in good order, pursued by skirmishing parties from the Greeks, who followed them with derision and bullets; but Petrobey's orders had been that they should not advance beyond the broken ground where the cavalry could not follow, and in half an hour more they had all come back to the camp.

The skirmish had lasted about three hours, but Petrobey knew that the fighting was not over yet. The cavalry had been moved from the plain on to one of the lower foot-hills, to which the routed Albanians retreated, while the detachment which had started off across the plain had evidently been recalled, for it had reached the road along which the troops had first come, and was now marching straight across the narrow strip of plain which separated it from the range in which Valtetzi stood. An hour afterwards it had joined the cavalry below, and evi-

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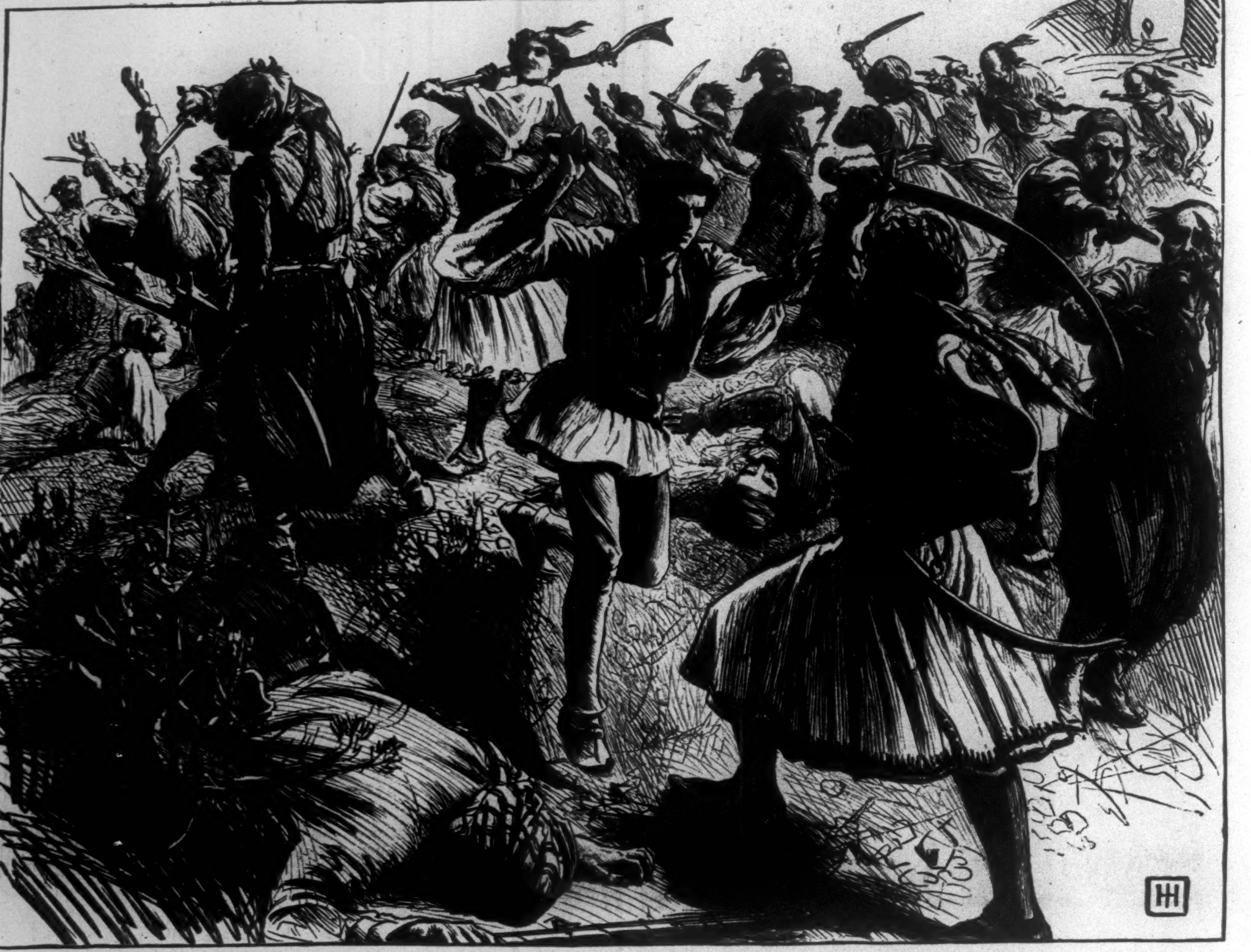


"MITSOS, FLYING AT HIM LIKE A WILD-CAT, THREW HIS HAND WHICH GRASPED HIS SHORT DAGGERLIKE SWORD IN THE MAN'S FACE."

dently another assault had been planned. The long train of baggage-mules, however, was left on the plain, but between them and the Greeks was the whole body of Albanian and Turkish troops, and Achmet Bey, who made the mistake, may well be excused from the charge of negligence. Soon it was seen that the troops were in motion again, and the whole body of infantry and cavalry together moved up the slope towards the camp. They were marching up one side of a long ravine which was cut in the mountain-side from top to bottom, and they had posted scouts along the two ridges to guard against any attack which might be contemplated from their flank. Half a mile further up, however, the cavalry halted, for the ground was getting too uneven to allow them to be of the least assistance to the infantry, but in case of sudden retreat they could prevent pursuit being carried further.

Petrobey saw what was coming, but he hesitated. He was very desirous of cutting off the baggage, but he feared to weaken the defence of the camp by sending men for that purpose. Nicholas, however, was clear. It would not do to risk anything; they wanted all the men they had, and besides, any movement from the Greek camp, even if they sent the men round by a circuitous route down the next ravine, would be observed by the scouts. An opportunity, however, might come later.

For three hours more desultory and skirmishing attacks were made by the Albanians on the camp; four times they advanced a column right up to one or other of the gates, and as many times it was driven back, twice by a sortie from the inside, and twice by the heavy firing from the walls; and at last, as the sun began to decline towards the west, they were called back, and retreated hurriedly towards the cavalry. Then Nicholas saw the opportunity; the scouts had been withdrawn from the ridges, for they no longer expected an attack from the flank, and he with a hundred men—Mainotes—set off down a parallel ravine with all speed to the plain, while the rest of the men, under Petrobey's orders, followed the enemy at a distance, keeping their attention fixed on them in expectation of another attack. Achmet Bey at last thought that the Greeks had fallen into the trap he had baited so many times, and hoped to draw them down into the plain, where he would turn and crush them with his cavalry.

They were already approaching the last hill which bordered on the level ground when Petrobey, who kept his eye on the plain, saw Nicholas and his band wheel round the baggage-animals, shooting down their drivers, and force them up the ravine where they had come down. At the same moment he gave the order to fire, and the Greeks poured a volley into the rear of the infantry. The Turks were fairly caught. If Achmet sent the cavalry on to rescue the baggage, the Greeks, whose numbers were now far superior to the infantry, would in all probability annihilate them; if, on the other hand, he kept the cavalry to support the infantry, the baggage would be lost. He chose the lesser evil, and as the ground was now becoming smoother and more level, he directed the cavalry to charge on the Greeks, and Petrobey fairly laughed aloud.

"Run away! run away!" he cried. "Let no two men remain together."

The cavalry charged, but there was simply nothing to charge against. Up the hill-sides in all directions fled the Greeks, choosing the stoniest and steepest places, dispersing as a ball of quicksilver breaks and runs to all parts of the compass.

Again the retreat of the Turks began, and once again the Greeks gathered and engaged their attention. In the growing dusk no attack could be made, for the horses were already beginning to stumble and pick their way carefully to avoid falling, while the Greeks still hung on their rear and flanks, like a storm of stinging insects. When the hills began to sink into the plain, Petrobey, too, sounded the retreat, and the men, though tired and hungry, went singing up the hill-side.

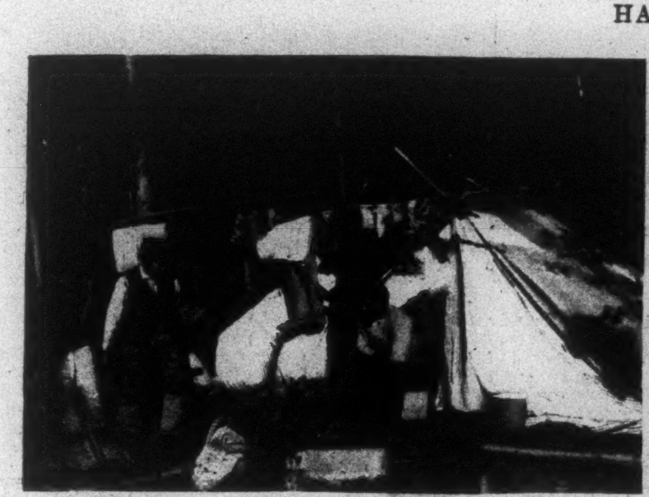
Petrobey was not slow to follow up his advantage. To the Greeks in their mountain nests the defending force now in Tripoli was evidently not to be feared on the offensive, nor could it dislodge the Greeks from the positions they had taken up upon the mountains around. On the other hand, the Greeks were not capable of meeting cavalry, and they must at present keep to the hills and not attempt to blockade the town closely, for in so doing they would have to leave their heights for the plain in which the fortress stood, and expose themselves to the cavalry. But with the ever-increasing numbers who were flocking to the Greek standard the camp at Valtetzi was rapidly getting insufficient in accommodation, and at the same time any additional position on the hills would be another link in the iron chain which was being forged round the town; and now, when it was unlikely that the Turks would risk a further engagement at once, was the moment for advancing another step.

Exactly to the west of Tripoli, and within rifle-shot of its walls, stand three steep spurs of hill known as Trikorpha. The same stir of primeval forces which threw up the crag on which Valtetzi stood must have cast them up bubbling and basaltic through some volcanic vent-hole long after the great range behind was fixed, and they were like the ragged peaks of slag cast out by a gaseous coal consuming in the fire, standing some four hundred feet above the plain, but most conveniently near the town. Nearly at the top gushed out a riotous cold stream from the rocks, fringed with shivering maidenhair, and behind on the mountain was good pasturage for flocks. Lower down, where the stream spread, burst out a luxuriant patch of oleanders and clumps of cistus, but the heights themselves were barren. The three peaks were joined to each other by a sharp rocky ridge, but all were isolated from the mountains on one side and the plain on the other.

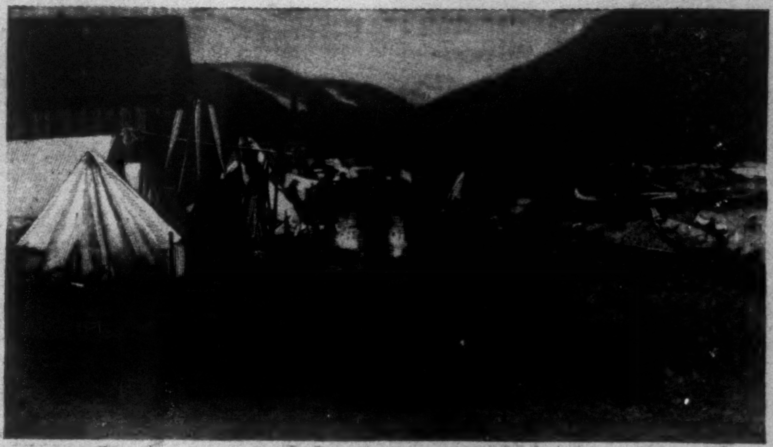
Petrobey set about securing this position without delay, though in truth the Turks were in no temper to prevent him, and all day the work went on. The place was well-nigh impregnable, and the walls of rough blocks of stone gathered from the peaks was made as much with a view to clearing the ground for the soldiers' huts as to providing the place with a defensible wall. From here, too, by night, they could push their devastating raids right under the walls of Tripoli itself, for it was but a stonecast to the foot of their eerie; and early in June the larger part of the men encamped at Valtetzi took up their quarters in this new nest, swarming there as in spring the over-full hive sends out its colonists. The Argive corps remained in the old nest under command of Dimitri, who the year before had been Mayor of Nauplia, while in the new position the Mainotes, under Petrobey, occupied the northernmost of the three peaks, Nicholas, with a regiment chiefly of Arcadian troops, the southernmost, and in the centre a smaller body from the parts about Sparta, under the command of a local chieftain whom they had followed, one Poniropoulos, a man as crooked in mind and morality as a warped vine stem, but who, as he was chosen leader by his contingent, was of necessity in command.

Meantime from every part of the country was coming in news, no longer of butchery of unarmed Turks in defenceless farm-houses, but of regular sieges of Turkish towns, sometimes successful, sometimes still protracted and with uncertain issue. Several of the Greek islands, notably Psara, Spetzas, and Hydra, had risen, and had already sent out that which was so sorely needed, a fleet to watch the coasts and destroy Turkish ships, thus preventing them from bringing men, provisions, or ammunition into the Peloponnesus. Already during May had this fleet performed some notable exploits, chief among which was the destruction of a Turkish frigate bringing arms and men from a port in Asia Minor. She was caught just outside Nauplia, and, after a desperate resistance, boarded and taken. Only two days later two Hydriot brigs overtook a vessel sailing from Constantinople to Egypt with rich presents on board from the Sultan Mahmud to Mehemet Ali, a cargo which proved shame and dishonor to the captors. All on board were ruthlessly murdered; the persons of women were searched for treasure which they might have concealed about them; and the sailors, disregarding the convention under which they sailed, whereby one-half of the prize taken was appropriated to the conduct of the war, seized on the whole and divided it up, and, fired by the lust of wealth so easily gotten, became privateers rather than fellow-workers in a war for liberty. Returning to Hydra, they found embroilments of all sorts going on between the primates and captains of their fleet, and throwing their lot in with the former, they cemented the alliance with a sufficient share of their booty, and prepared for sea again, each man thinking of naught but his own coffers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CAMP OF INDIAN PACKERS.



THE SETTLEMENT AT DYEA.

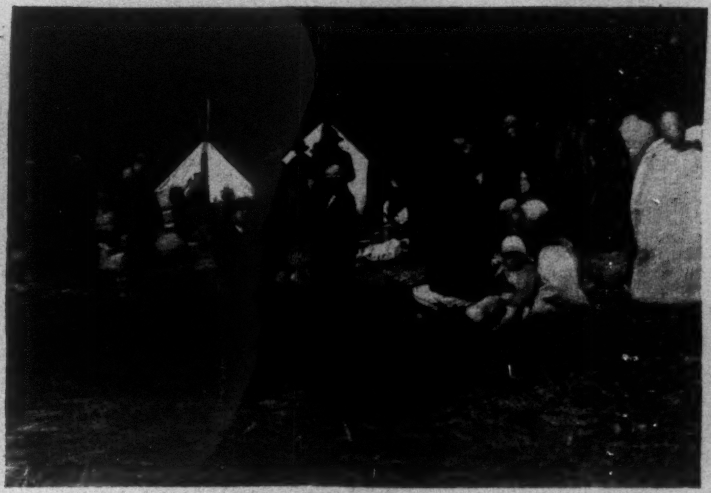
AN INCIDENT OF THE TRAIL.

WOMEN IN CAMP.

SELLING AN OUTFIT.

A MINER'S WIFE.

AT SHEEP CAMP.



MINERS AND INDIANS AT DYEA.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—THE CHILKOOT TRAIL FROM DYEA TO SHEEP CAMP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1103.]

CONCERNING THE LATEST GREAT RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

BY H. G. PROUT,

Editor of the "Railroad Gazette."

According to Worcester's first definition, an accident is "an event proceeding from an unknown cause," and the Century Dictionary says that "it is anything that happens as an unforeseen effect." If we adhere to this definition, it is hard to remember any very serious railroad *accident*. Nearly every one of the great accidents, so called, of the last twenty years can be attributed to a definite cause, and could have been foreseen by reasonable vigilance, and could have been guarded against by resources known in the "state of the art" at the time; and generally a sufficient use of those resources would not have been an unreasonably costly insurance. To be sure, only some limited amount of railroad service can be bought with a dollar, and it would be quite possible to spend so much of that dollar on safety that nothing would be left with which to buy speed, or frequency of service, or fair comfort. Therefore, in considering any given accident we must always try to judge whether or not the precautions for safety have been practicable and reasonable—not whether they have been ideal. But even with this reservation, it is still true that almost no railroad disasters have happened within the considerable period of my observation which could be called accidents, using the strict letter of Worcester's primary definition.

For instance, in 1887 a derailment took place in the Middle West which has gone down to history as the Chatsworth accident. On this occasion eighty-five passengers were killed and 250 were injured. It was the most fatal accident in the history of the railroads of our country. This was caused by the burning of an insignificant wooden trestle, only sixteen feet long, out on the prairie, which spanned a dry "run." Surely this was a trifling cause for so great a disaster. It does not seem unreasonable to say that the railroad company ought to have built its culverts and smallest bridges of a material which would not have been destroyed by a prairie fire, or that, until its old structures could be rebuilt, it should have kept such a vigilant patrol that the destruction of one of them would have been discovered before a train passed. It does not seem unreasonable to require such precautions even on a poor road having a thin traffic.

In the same year twenty-four persons were killed and 115 injured in what is known as the Forest Hill disaster, near Boston. Here a bridge fell under a train, and it was easily discovered that some of the details of this bridge were faulty in design and in material.

Seven years ago a train was wrecked on another New England road, and twenty-three persons were killed. The train was derailed by a track jack, which some men were using in repairs, and which could not be released and removed in time to get out of the way of the locomotive. But the best practice in the use of track jacks, even at that time, would not have introduced this element of danger.

In the year 1879 a great bridge over the Firth of Tay was blown down while a train was passing, and seventy-three people were killed or drowned. Every soul on the train perished. The design of the bridge was perhaps up to a fair standard of practice for the time, but it was not up to the highest state of knowledge even then. The unfortunate engineer, distinguished in his profession, was ruined in standing and in health, and died within a year.

Fifteen months ago a collision took place at a crossing of two railroads near Atlantic City, in which forty-seven persons were either killed or fatally injured and more than fifty were seriously injured. Here was a case where the traffic probably would have justified the radical resort of separating the grades of the two railroads; at any rate, the signalling was defective.

It would not be hard to multiply examples of this kind which would show how easy it is to be wise after the event. Many of them have become well known to the men who are responsible for design or construction or management, and the lessons have been learned and applied, and travel has become safer, and the financial losses to railroads from accidents have diminished as the consequence of these lessons. The slow and painful education has gone on by the process that Disraeli advised—analyzing our failures.

Whether or not the accident which occurred the other day on the Hudson River Division of the New York Central, near Garrisons, was a true accident, or whether it might have been foreseen and provided against by a reasonable use of human knowledge and vigilance, it is yet too soon to say. When I write these words no thorough expert examination of the conditions has been finished and reported, and it is too early to speak with confidence as to the exact physical facts, or even as to the direct cause of the accident. Perhaps by the time these words are read the result of such an investigation will be published, and the reader may then know more about the conditions than I know now. This would seem to be an occasion for discreet reticence, but, unfortunately, congenital or business reasons forbid that we should all be reticent all the time.

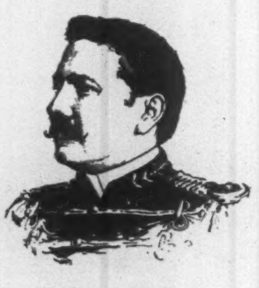
From the facts now available I judge that this was an occurrence that was always to have been looked for as possible, but that it was very improbable; that the chance of its coming just when a train was passing was still less probable; that the cost of providing against it was great; and that, considering all things, the risk was so small that the company was justified in taking the chances. In other words, the cost of insurance would have been too great.

This judgment is based on the theory that the bank went out bodily, sliding out on the underlying rock. The geological situation is such that this kind of movement might have taken place. But, on the other hand, the bank was built, fifty years ago, by Mr. John B. Jervis, one of the soundest and most eminent railroad engineers of his time. It has stood ever since without a sign of failure, and was probably solidifying and becoming safer as the years passed. The Hudson River is not subject to scour or erosion. Therefore, in the absence of warnings, the officers of the company were justified in believing that the bank was safe.

The sliding out of this bank could perhaps have been provided against by a wall or crib built up from the underlying rock, or by a change in the location of the line. Either of these methods of protection would have been very costly, particularly because to furnish real insurance they must have been applied at various places and for considerable distances. Thus we come around to the proposition that the cost of insurance was not warranted by the risk which was to be faced, and could not have been justified to the stockholders. Or, to put it in another way, it seems probable that the care which the officers of the company have taken is all that could reasonably be expected in the "state of the art."

MUSIC.

The local musical season of 1897–8 is begun promptly and vigorously. Concentrating, as it chances to do, in concerts, its opening ones have set already a high standard of interest and public attraction. From now until the end of the third week in April the pace will be something bewildering for the critics or the general public to follow—that is, if desiring to hear all, or even know of all, that shall be notable and valuable. It is the most distinctively concert winter—in variety and quality it is the highest one as to its tide-mark—of which local record, even in anticipation, can take cognizance. The Philharmonic Society, the Symphony Society, the new Astoria Hotel, Chickering Hall, the Chicago Orchestra, the Boston Symphony, the Oratorio Society, the Musical Art, give only the serial fraction of an enormous orchestral list now fully dated and beginning. Even that mere fraction presents fifty-eight. Independent of these will be offered at least a hundred more, including every kind of recital, instrumental and vocal, now the mode. In January, five weeks of opera from Mr. Damrosch will be more or less in balance with the foregoing; but that relief is almost lost in such a flood of concertism. Falstaff's bread-and-sack equation may be quoted.



EUGENIO SORRENTINO.
Conductor of the Banda Rossa.

Of the Banda Rossa ("the Red Band"), a military orchestra from the Italian town of San Severo, little or nothing was known in this country until its concerts that have just concluded. But it made good all that its managers claimed for it, even to the praise that the French and Italian newspaper clippings dealt out to it with a cordiality as open-handed as a claque in an upper gallery. The Banda is an exceptionally fine military concert band. There are some sixty musicians. Most of the men are young. All of them appear to be not only admirable artists—some of them manifestly real virtuosi—but delightfully imbued with the true sense of true *ensemble* playing. The result is singularly rich and well balanced and evenly sonorous. So come performances such as are obtainable only with that feeling, with ability, attentiveness in each member of a large circle of musicians that usually is known to many less than all of their number. There is a splendid deliberateness of effect, too, in this Banda Rossa. Strong climaxes are "led up to" with a tremendous dignity, and in fine contrast to most delicate work in each choir. Doubtless much of such quality is due to the leader, Eugenio Sorrentino. Sorrentino is a conductor who has youth and fire, and yet great command of himself and his musicians, and who must be (as is said of him) an exceptionally efficient "driller." In the old *William Tell* overture and a cleverly arranged fantasia on bits of Boito's *Mefistofele* the Banda Rossa was at its best, and its best is of the best, and its leading is obviously much to it. The band has a special Continental fame, and merits it thoroughly.

It was a somewhat uncommon October audience that greeted Madame Marcella Sembrich last week. On Tuesday evening the distinguished Galician soprano returned to us, after a lapse of nearly fourteen years since her nights of triumph in this city in the old Metropolitan Opera-House. Not a great part of the American public, nor even too large a proportion of the musical critics, can keep themselves year by year in first-hand touch with Europe's great operatic centres. Hence Madame Sembrich probably was to hundreds present far more a brilliant and charming remembrance of the late Henry E. Abbey's first season of Italian opera-giving here than a singer whose voice was fresh in their ears by virtue of recent hearings. There is an affectionate anxiety in such occasions. One lamentable episode a few years ago remains a reminder of what even a few seasons may bring to a great singer for worse. But in Madame Sembrich's instance all doubts of those not lately wanderers abroad must have been set at rest before she had sung through the lavishly florid air from Mozart's *Elopement*, always among her favorites. She has come back all that was Marcella Sembrich of 1883–4. And Madame Sembrich has come back something more. Her beautiful and very high soprano is as seductive in its timbre as of old. Her vocalization is of the same sparkling, clear-cut, fluent easiness. Her method in every essential detail of a song-woman's art leaves less to be desired even than it did. A sworn friend to the old Italian and German schools of musical writing, especially a Mozartist with every drop of her Austrian blood, gifted with a typical temperament, Madame Sembrich does not merely sing as can sing only the best *coloratura* sopranos, she interprets. She realizes bits of dramatic truth under old forms and under sensuous Italian weaknesses. It is a lesson in insight as well as in music to hear her recitatives—yea, even those of Bellini's Norma and Donizetti's Lucia. She thinks of the sentiment underneath what to another singer is only a phrase to be made nothing of, in a haste to be ornamentally dazzling. With a noble seriousness Madame Sembrich makes points in dramatic expression that nine contemporaries in ten miss, because they are too busy thinking about their scales and their trills and their turns. Her voice is beautiful, her vocalizing wellnigh perfect, her interpretative power superb and—we had nearly said unique. With Mesdames Melba, Eames, Nordica, Calvé, and de Vere, she is one of the greatest illustrators of florid music in the world to-day. With at least two of these compeeresses, she is also one of the most intellectual and temperamental singers of her genre. Her "Casta Diva," or "Una Voce," or "Gli Angui," or "Ah, non giunge," or what you will, is dazzlingly sung, with flashes of the drama that few impart; and, in contrast, she sings Schubert and Schumann with a simple lyrical beauty and a truth and an emotion that show of what "all-round" musicianship she is made. Her reception was a scene of enthusiasm. It must have reminded Madame Sembrich of her sparkling career in New York when she was only a young prodigy that the town flocked to hear as Violetta and Rosina and Zerlina; not a Continental artist of the fullest acceptance, in all the splendor of her present power. The evening was such a recall to a foreign singer as does credit to New York's judgment, as well as to its sentiment. Mr. David Bispham sang extremely well Mozart's "Non Pui Andrai," and Verdi's "Quand ero Paggio." Mr. W. J. Lavin was the tenor of the evening. Mr. Bevignani directed a competent orchestra, and altogether the concert was as delightful a reopening of the Opera-House in one of its functions as Italianists could desire. For Saturday, an afternoon appearance of Madame Sembrich was set. She will be heard here frequently this season—and most welcomely. *Eljen*, Sembrich!

The week's musical opening was enlivened by the first performance of *The Idol's Eye*, a comic opera composed by Mr. Victor Herbert to a libretto by Mr. Harry P. Smith. Much of Mr. Herbert's score is in his liveliest vein of melody and his most musicianly treatment; and it need not be said that Mr. Smith's plot and dialogue and lyrics, conducting onward an Oriental extravaganza, are full of that successful librettist's vivacity. The performance was at the Broadway Theatre, under the engagement of Mr. Frank Daniels and his opera troupe; which is well-known, as is Mr. Daniels himself, for doing justice to the joint labors of the collaborators named. The public gave the evening's music and fun much applause and laughter.

At least must go into record another comic-opera production, Audran's *La Poupée* ("The Doll"), sung at the Lyric Theatre—as has been renamed an uptown establishment. Audran's work has charming music and diverting situations, due to the familiar story of an automaton whose place is taken by a living and lively girl. In London the piece is still in vast vogue, after a long run. It is extremely well done there, however, and far from satisfactorily interpreted here; in fact, it suffers undeservedly in consequence of a cast not necessary to particularize on this occasion.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

A ROLLER-BOAT THAT ROLLS.

The idea of a boat that shall roll over the water instead of cutting through it seems to have a persistent attraction for contemporary inventors. Last year we had M. Bazin's boat on rollers, which was to skim over the waves like a fairy in a wet meadow, and scarcely dampen its feet. Alas! M. Bazin's rollers sank into the salt waves up to their hubs, and the weight of machinery which the rollers would float wouldn't drive them fast enough to make anything better than a slow and clumsy craft.

The Knapp roller-boat, which made a trial trip on October 21, at Toronto, is not on rollers, like M. Bazin's, but is one big roller, with what, it is hoped, may be a stationary inside. It has been building all summer at Polson's shipyard at Toronto, and from time to time the newspapers have told about it and reported its inventor's hopes. The pictures of it in this number of the Weekly show how it looks from the outside. It is a cylinder 110 feet long and 25 feet in diameter, tapering sharply at each end to 15 feet. Its draught is 23 inches. At each end there is a platform resting on wheels which touch the revolving part of the boat, and on these platforms stand two engines with upright boilers, which transmit power to the wheels on which the platforms rest, and so make the big cylinder revolve. Outside, around the middle of the big cylinder, are 16 paddles, 15 feet long and 8 inches deep, and so slanted as to drive the boat forward as they strike the water. The boat is steered by two big tail-boards, or rudders, one at each side, just below the platforms.

An interested crowd watched the launching of this queer boat. The cylinder was towed out into Toronto Bay and turned loose. The engines being started at a signal from the accompanying yacht, which carried the builder and the inventor, the great roller began to turn, and soon reached a velocity of five or six revolutions a minute. The platforms rocked at first, but not to hurt. The boat went ahead slowly about a quarter of a mile, and then reversed her engines and came back. Her speed was slow, but her inventor expressed himself as satisfied, though he regretted that he had not followed his first plan and put one powerful engine in the middle of the cylinder instead of two at the ends. The inventor is a lawyer who lives at Prescott, Ontario. He talks of the possibility that boats built after this pattern may cross the Atlantic in forty-eight hours.

JOHN SARTAIN.

John Sartain, who introduced mezzotint engraving into this country, died at his home in Philadelphia, October 25, at the age of eighty-nine years. As artist, patron of art, and as literary worker he had been identified with the United States since 1830. He came here in that year from London, his birthplace, with a reputation already made by his plates engraved in the "line" manner for William Young Otterley's *Early Florentine School*. His engraving in this country was confined almost exclusively to mezzotint, but he also did some painting in oils and water-colors, and miniatures on ivory. He likewise produced a few designs for the vignette pictures on bank-notes. In 1843 he began his literary career, which included the editorship of Campbell's *Foreign Semi-monthly Magazine* and the *Eclectic*. It was in the former periodical that "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" were first published in this country. It was in the November number of that magazine, too, that, in 1843, appeared the portrait of Espartero, and the preparation of this engraving is but one of the many instances which might be cited in illustration of the wonderful rapidity with which the artist could work. The plate in question, it is stated, was begun on the uniform mezzotino ground about midnight, and was finished, including lettering, when the printers arrived for work the following morning. In 1848 Mr. Sartain acquired an interest in the *Union Magazine*, then a New York periodical, and for the four years of its existence under its new name, *Sartain's Magazine*, it had a national reputation. Mr. Sartain also was a constant contributor for some years to the famous *Graham's Magazine*. But his editorial duties did not prevent him from turning out a large amount of plates for the illustration of books and other engravings. Some of the prints for framing which bore his name were "The Battle of Gettysburg," after Rothermel, "The County Election in Missouri," after Bingham, "Christ Rejected," after West, and "The Iron-worker and King Solomon," after Christian Schuessele. His knowledge of architecture was brought to bear in the decoration of the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, and in the designs for the lofty monument to Washington and Lafayette and its medallion adornment, in Philadelphia. He was the Chief of the Bureau of Art for the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and in recognition of his services at that time was made an officer of the Equestrian Order of the Crown of Italy, with the title Cavaliere, by the King of Italy.

Mr. Sartain's tastes and occupation led him to make a collection of pictures and autograph letters from distinguished men; and among these letters, which financial reverses compelled him to dispose of some years ago, was, it is said, one from Bayard Taylor, then in his teens, asking Mr. Sartain to receive him as an apprentice. Mr. Sartain, not long ago, in speaking of his arrival in this country, said that he came with the intention of settling in New York. But Sully, the painter, and other artists persuaded him to remain in Philadelphia, where he was visiting, and there he speedily became one of the artistic and literary community of which Sully, Nagle, Shaw (the last, according to Mr. Sartain, the best landscape artist of his time in the United States), Henry C. Carey, and the Rev. William H. Furness were members. Mr. Sartain for twenty-five years was a director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and an earnest supporter of the School of Design for Women.

HENRY GEORGE.

THE news of the death of Henry George on Friday morning, October 29, was doubtless the most startling tragedy that ever interrupted the normal excitement and violence of a political campaign in New York. Death came to the candidate who was, in his personality, the most interesting figure of the Mayoralty contest, not only with great suddenness, but by very reason of a too abundant expression of life, an over-strain of his nervous energy. He died, as he had lived, doing what he believed to be his duty, and he verily sacrificed himself for what he thought to be the good of the people of the Greater New York. It is narrated of him by the young men who followed him from meeting to meeting, as he performed the exacting labors which were demanded in the campaign, that he was failing visibly, that his geniality had given place to irascibility, and that at times he became almost incoherent. It was evident that his friends had taken alarm, for on the last evening of his life Mrs. George and another member of his family accompanied him to his meetings as if they were apprehensive of coming ill.

Mr. George was born in Philadelphia on the 2d of September, 1839, and was taught at the public schools of that city until he was fourteen years old. Then he went, as a boy, into a merchant's store, but soon after went to sea and visited Australia. He learned the printer's art, and in 1858, when he was seventeen, he worked at the case in California, and subsequently became a reporter and editor of San Francisco newspapers. While he was on the Pacific coast he began writing his books and promulgating the doctrines concerning taxation which are so widely and deeply misunderstood by people who have been recently denouncing Mr. George as a socialist. Socialist he was not, at all events, although some of his teachings encouraged socialists. This, however, is not the time for the discussion of his theories, only the time to say that he presented them and argued them in a vigorous and charming style that commands the admiration of all lovers of good English writing. Mr. George wrote his *Progress and Poverty* in 1879. He came to New York in 1880, and here, six years later, he wrote his *Protection or Free Trade*. He wrote several other works, among them an *Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor*, and a book on *Social Problems*. But the two books first named are the principal achievements of his pen. Millions of copies of them were sold or given away; and for some of the editions Mr. George received nothing. He gave the fruits of his labor without stint to the causes in behalf of which he wrote. His chief doctrine, that of the "single tax," was purely a doctrine of taxation, and if it be not correct, it is infinitely better and nearer to a scientific method than that which is on the statute-books of the State of New York. At all events, it is so far from being socialistic that it distinctly recognizes the right of the individual to property in land. He greatly sympathized with the Irish struggle for home-rule, and visited Ireland in 1881 and 1882, where he was arrested by the British authorities as a "suspect." He was the candidate of the United Labor party for Mayor of New York in 1886, and received a very large vote, 68,000, against 90,000 for the Democratic candidate and 60,000 for the Republican. In 1887 he was the candidate of the United Labor party for Secretary of State of New York. In 1890 he went to Australia, and after, as before, his return he was the earnest advocate of the Australian ballot system, which has since caused the modification of most of the ballot laws in this country. His nomination this year for Mayor of the Greater New York was at first a protest of Bryanites against Tammany's avoidance of the Democratic national platform of 1896, but it became in a greater degree the protest against the ostentatious and vulgar leadership of Croker.

Mr. George died suddenly of apoplexy and in his sleep at five o'clock on the morning of October 29, at the Union Square Hotel, in this city. He died holding the affection of many whose welfare he had at heart, and with the respect of all who, whether they agree or disagree with them, love honest and earnest and courageous men.

H. L. N.

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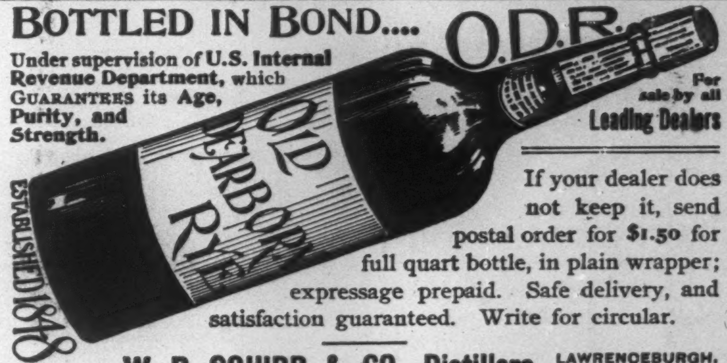

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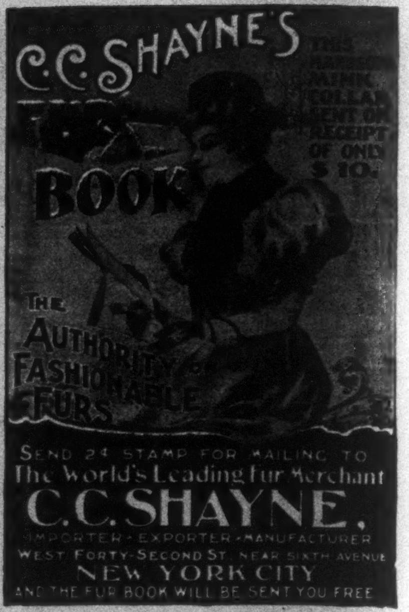

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GOLF NOTES.

It was putting to win the half-crowns, and incidentally the Morris County cup, in the final match of the Morristown tournament between A. M. Robbins, of St. Andrews, and J. A. Tyng, of the home club. Both men had gone out in good figures, Robbins being two up at the turn. Tyng managed to cut this lead down to one by winning the twelfth hole, and the thirteenth was halved. Then came the fourteenth or "Hoodoo" hole, 159 yards in length. The line runs across the railway track, and there are manifold possibilities for disaster to the wild or weak driver. Both players made splendid cleek-shots, the balls lying within a few feet of each other and ten yards away from the hole. It was Robbins's turn to play, and he succeeded in holing a thirty-foot putt. It was the turning-point of the match; Tyng was a beaten man the instant after his adversary's ball had dropped into the cup. There is a psychological crisis in every closely contested match, but it is not often that it can be so clearly observed and analyzed. With the match nearing its end and both players under a high nervous tension, there must come a moment when the balance is suddenly inclined to one side or the other.

An extra long or lucky drive, a brilliant iron-shot out of a bad lie, and, above all, a long putt that finds the hole—these are the things that try the golfer's soul; it is a test of *morale* rather than of skill, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the match. For the player who has scored the advantage now feels fit for anything; the intensity of the strain has passed, and he has time to realize that his pipe has gone out and to borrow a match from a bystander. But for his adversary it is very different; he feels that the stars in their courses are fighting against him, and unless his mind be cast in truly heroic mould, he must inevitably "crack," to employ the expressive Scotticism. He knows that he is beaten, and there is no time left in which to pull himself together for a final effort. This does not necessarily involve any idea of "quitting"; the loser may play up manfully to the very end (as indeed Mr. Tyng did on this particular occasion), but the mental pressure is too great, and he is simply unable to do himself justice.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB—LOOKING TOWARD THE FIRST HOLE.

Pursuing our researches into the "philosophy of the crack," as it may be called, let us note the details of the play for the four holes that remained after Robbins had made his sensational putt. The fifteenth or "Trap" hole is 157 yards in playing distance, and the green is guarded by two fences and the road that runs between them. Robbins struck off with careless confidence; but the drive was a trifle short, and the ball dropped into the hazard. Tyng drove a beautiful ball to the edge of the green. Robbins, after playing the odd, was still not on the green, and it looked like a sure three for Tyng. But his approach putt was short, he missed with his third, and Robbins holing out from four feet away, the hole was halved in four. Tyng should have won it, and thereby cut down his opponent's lead to one. There are no hazards to speak of on the sixteenth hole; but again Tyng had the advantage of the drive, and Robbins playing carelessly, the Morris County player took the hole, four to five, leaving Robbins still one up. Both men cleared the bunker from the seventeenth tee, but Robbins pulled his ball over the fence that runs parallel with the railway track, and it cost him a stroke to get back on the fair green. Tyng had heeled badly, but the drive was a long one, and he lay about one hundred and twenty yards from the hole. To make sure of the distance he paced it off, and then played a beautiful iron-shot that carried the sand-pit and left him just outside the green. Robbins was short in his approach, and he had to play the double odd before he was safely over the pot-bunker. The hole was a gift to Tyng, but again his approach was short, and he missed a one-foot putt to win. Robbins holed out from four or five feet away, the hole was halved, and he was still one up. The eighteenth was halved in par figures, and the match was over—won and lost at the fifteenth hole. At every one of the remaining holes Tyng did the best driving, but with the memory of that phenomenal putt before him, he could not do even ordinary work on the greens.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE.

Robbins's dashing style of play was in strong contrast with the carefulness and perhaps over-deliberation of his antagonist. The young St. Andrews golfer never took his pipe out of his mouth during the round, and he played all his strokes with an easy confidence and precision that was very pleasing to watch. This is his first win in an open tournament, but he made a good impression by his style of play at the Lakewood tournament in April, and he has since been coming on very rapidly in his game. That his victory at Morristown was no fluke is shown by his performance in the team match on Saturday, when he tied with Menzies, his clubmate, for the best individual score.

The defeat of W. G. Stewart by Jasper Lynch was the surprise of the tournament. It was known that Lynch had improved of late, but no one thought that he could put up a game to beat the Englishman, especially after the latter's fine showing in the preliminary medal round. Stewart had no particular piece of hard luck of which to complain; it was simply that Lynch played a good third above his game, and Stewart as much below his. W. Y. Marsh made the best showing for the home club. With a little more physique to back him up, Marsh could hold his own in fast company. The team contest was a welcome variation upon the ordinary free-for-all handicap, but it could hardly be called team play, since the rounds were all made under medal rules, and the team making the aggregate score was declared the winner.

The action of the United States Golf Association in revising the rules of the game has been instrumental in bringing the Scottish St. Andrews to a sense of the duty that it owes to the golfing world. The club has just appointed a Rules Committee, consisting of fifteen representative members from its own body, and this committee is to be the final authority in all matters of interpretation. It has no power to amend or repeal an existing rule or to make any new ones; all such legislative functions are to be exercised by the club alone, and at a general meeting. In its first form the resolution provided that this committee should consist of fourteen members—seven from the St. Andrews Club, and one each from the Muirfield, Prestwick, Hoylake, Westward Ho, Blackheath, Sandwich, and Portrush clubs. But Scottish jealousy took alarm at even this very moderate recognition of the English interest, and the new committee was made a close St. Andrews corporation. It is true that half a dozen of the committeemen are representative English players, including Mr. Horace Hutchinson, but the decision makes it evident that the oft-mooted British Golf Union is still a long ways off.

A PHILADELPHIA GOLF-COURSE.

The Country Club of Philadelphia, with its fine house and spacious grounds at Bala, has always been one of the leading social organizations of the Quaker City, but in its later development and present prosperity golf has been the active and indeed the magic agent. Three or four years ago, through the influence of Dr. Charles R. Claxton, the club laid out a tentative nine-hole course around the race-course, and a few enthusiasts started in to learn to play the game. It was the old story of the leaven in the measure of meal; the long-felt want had at last been supplied, and everybody played golf, or at least tried to do so. The word "tried" is used advisedly, for there were some odd things about the golf of those early days. The following newspaper description must sound strangely in the ears of the golfer whose ideas of what a links should be are founded upon the classic traditions of St. Andrews and Westward Ho.

"A player who has done a round at the —— club will have passed over various points of avenue, steeple-chase course, race-track, polo-field, and pigeon-shooting grounds; he will have come triumphantly through a purgatorial stone-wall jump, a sand bunker and bastion, and, finally, a vast gravel pit or crater.... Stone walls, ploughed fields, quarries, fences, and chasms are among the other excellent sporting requirements of the course."

Now some one of an exact turn of mind may perhaps file an objection to this catalogue of horrors, upon the ground that it was originally written about quite another country club than that of Philadelphia, and indeed there are others. Granting the demurrer, the description still fits closely enough to justify its application to the old Bala "steeple-chase" course, and it gives point to Mr. Whigham's comment upon our American golf, that "this sort of thing is exactly what a golf-links ought not to be, since a golfer is neither a jockey nor a quarryman." Sorrowful indeed are the memories that cluster about the names of "Hades" and of the "Liverpool Jump."

But now we have changed all that. In the spring of 1896 the club employed Willie Dunn to rearrange the course in conformity with recognized golfing conditions, and this was done at a cost of over $3000. The change was a great improvement, but it was found that a nine-hole course was too small to accommodate all who wished to play, and it was considered inadvisable to depend upon the good-nature of the Park Commissioners for the use of that portion of the course that lay outside of the club property. And so, early in the present year, the Roberts farm of ninety-four acres was acquired by purchase, and plans were made for the laying out of a regulation course of eighteen holes. The new ground was well fitted for the purpose, since the greater part of it had been used as pasture for twenty-five years. The new course measures 5600 yards in playing distance, and when it is finally in shape it should rank with any in the country. The putting-greens have been laid out upon a generous scale, the hazards are placed with excellent judgment, and, as before noted, the turf on the mid-green is of good golfing quality.

The club has now over six hundred names upon its membership list, divided into three classes of resident, non-resident, and army and navy. Resident members pay $50 in annual dues, and the other classes $25 yearly. The club-house is one of the largest and best-appointed in the country, and contains every possible luxury and convenience.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

On account of Election day, it is necessary for this column to go to press on Friday, so that all comment upon Saturday's games will go over into next week's issue.

When the last echo of the last yell over the Lafayette game had died away the Pennsylvania team settled down for rest and relaxation. Many of them were given a short vacation from the drudgery of daily practice, but some of them, on their reappearance, exhibited two unpleasant effects of that memorable victory. One effect was a tendency to laxity of effort, and the other was an exceeding high opinion of themselves as football-players. It will indeed be a shame if the aggregation that starts off more promisingly than any eleven of almost any year at any university shall be allowed to lapse into carelessness, and fail to make further advance, simply because there is no match ahead of which it has a proper and wholesome fear.

Harvard may have been beaten by Pennsylvania regularly, but in the last two years not easily enough to make it a sure thing, especially if Pennsylvania stands still and Harvard improves. The advantage that Harvard must necessarily reap in point of experience from the effects of the game with Yale will also be a factor on her side. But aside from the question of victory, the team this year owes it to Mr. Woodruff to carry out to the full the development that he has made not only possible but practicable. Having perfected her offensive running game to a considerable degree, it behooves Pennsylvania to make her kicking game equally secure. One of her men behind the line is lamentably weak on catching punts, and should be strengthened. Pennsylvania's defence against end runs from mass formations needs also some attention.

From Princeton, too, come tales of something of a slump in the work of the team, but the game against the Elizabeth Athletic Club did not demonstrate the truth of those forebodings to any great extent. Furthermore, that game showed that Edwards can play a good centre. Stillman is always a good man, a man who knows the game and can play it from the start. But for all that, Edwards showed up to advantage, and it is pleasant to be sure of a number two for such an important position as that of centre. In the first part of the game Princeton failed to get warmed up, and seemed to have lost one of her most valuable traits, that of opening the play at once; but before the end of the half, the team was moving in good style. The Elizabeth team is the one that gave Yale such a game at New Haven last year. It is heavy and strong, and it is no child's play to go up against it. Its guards back ripped Princeton up a little, just as it did Yale last season, but the Tigers managed it after a bit, and when they got their own machine in operation, it mowed down the big fellows in good fashion. There was a marked contrast between the two teams in the matter of fumbling, Elizabeth suffering severely from having too many thumbs, while Princeton was wellnigh perfect in this regard. Here Princeton is the superior of Pennsylvania as yet, and hers will be the best team in the field this year for clean handling, if it can keep up its present record. Only twenty-minute halves were played, so that the score did not run up as it would had the time been longer, for the collegians were standing the pace better than the clubmen.

Princeton feels the need of making herself more feared in assaults upon the centre and guards of the opposing line. Could she combine the smashing power of Pennsylvania's centre plays with the almost irresistible drive of her own plays at tackle and end, the opposing line would be in difficult straits indeed.

Harvard has been fortunate in certain of her late additions. Bond is putting up a very fair game, and Haskell, with his former experience, promises to be a valuable man. Sargent is powerful, but he has never yet seemed quite able to get up to the notch required for 'varsity make. Mills, at tackle, was regarded by many last year, before he was on the hospital list, as an extremely good man. He certainly comes in handy for Harvard in the present emergency. Never was more effort expended upon making a man a full-back than at Harvard this fall, but Haughton seems to be wellnigh impossible, and Warren is now filling his shoes. Warren is the sort of man one fancies for the position. He seems steady. He has an easy swing about him that does not make the "heeler" hold his breath whenever the ball goes into the back field, and heave a great sigh of relief when the ball has been kicked safely. To many who watched the game Wednesday the team seemed to have made little or no improvement. But this is not the fact.

The team-work is better is two respects—the interference is closer, and moves more regularly. To one who had not seen the team-play between the West Point game and the game with Newtown this was very evident. The momentum comes more nearly at the proper time, and the men composing the interference have their bodies in better attitude for resisting the onslaught of the opposing line, so that instead of being knocked back upon their runner, as they were several times in that game, they carry the push well against the enemy, and force gains with more regularity. Fake kicks seem to be particularly favored by Harvard this year, and it would be no surprise to see a big gain made in the Yale game with one of these old-time plays. Dibblee is standing the work splendidly for a man of his build. He cuts out a fast pace in every game, and is becoming daily more reliable in following his interference as long as it is serviceable. With its increased speed it is much more helpful to him, and does not suffocate his play, as at first.

Sullivan is on the list again, and Parker is having a turn at it in Sawin's absence. Cabot is greatly missed on the end, but now is the time to take care of him, and if possible bring him into good trim for the November games, especially that of the 13th. I say the 13th because, with all respect to the Harvard team and its coaches, it does seem like almost a herculean job for them to overtake Pennsylvania. Yale, like Harvard, is behind in the development of fast concentrated-weight plays, so that their match will be a more equal contest, although here, on the other hand, I do not see how Yale's defence can be made good enough to hold Harvard. Her offensive play will be better in execution, but not enough of the modern type to go through Harvard's line. Next week I shall have occasion to comment more particularly upon the style of play of these two competitors.

That Cornell is working herself up into the rank of the first class in football this year is in no way made more apparent than by considering that Princeton, the team which was able to run up twenty-six points upon Yale in the last game of 1896, could score but ten against the team that the Ithacans have in the field this year. Whatever the result of Cornell's other games this season may be, the mere fact of having played such a strong game as that exhibited at Ithaca on the 23d demonstrates the possibilities of her material and the ability of her home coaches.

With no game ahead for the following Wednesday, Yale should have taken advantage of the opportunity the Carlisle game offered for securing the best kind of practice for her team. Instead of short halves of twenty minutes, thirty minute periods at least, and perhaps still more wisely, the regulation half of thirty-five minutes, should have been taken. Anything short of the allotted full time can only be by the consent of both teams, and either captain can, previous to a match, refuse to shorten the halves laid down by rule. Then, too, the Indians should hardly have objected, as both last year and this their best game was played in the second half. There is no training that can do the raw recruits of the Yale eleven half the good that every five minutes of a hard-fought game pounds into them. It is experience, and, in football, how much she teaches!

There was more than one year when the Pennsylvania game proved the making of the Yale team, and although many of the players and not a few of the coaches cried out against the thrice hard games, Yale never was better than when she had three on her hands, provided the time between was long enough for recuperation. Yale lacks experience this year. The art of defence can alone be mastered through the education acquired in games with outside and unknown organizations—the stronger the better.

Had it not been for the Brown game, Yale would have given up much more ground to Carlisle. The Cornell game was worth a mint to Princeton. Last year's Lafayette game taught Pennsylvania more than a week of practice. Last year's Princeton game made of Harvard formidable foes for Pennsylvania. If on Saturday Yale could have taken Harvard's place and played Cornell, while the Cambridge men rested, it would be points in favor of Yale's chances for the 13th. The great trouble is that coaches have grown fearful of the risks of defeat, and by exhibiting that fear have made their charges equally timid, and correspondingly more easy for opposing teams to drive into a panic. I have seen men—sound men too—who have been prone to shirk the lesser game lest, perchance, they should take an injury that would hurt their chances of being enrolled on the lists in the big match. I say enrolled because it was not that they were so over-anxious for the chance at their big rivals as for the honor of being on the team in that match.

At New Haven the lessons taught by the scoring of Brown and the Indians have been taken seriously to heart, and an attempt is being made to build up the defensive side of the play. It seems rather a strange remark, and almost an unnecessary one, to say that the Yale team this year is a popular one at New Haven, but that is the only expression that covers the case. The college is taken with the team of '97 as it has not been for some years. It is like an eager, willing, headstrong boy, and the college has it close at heart. No one expected a great deal of the team at the start, and every improvement has been hailed with symptoms of the greatest satisfaction. It was not until the Brown game that the sentiment showed itself with such strength. But after that game, at a time when a veteran or even an ordinary team would have been treated to the cold shoulder and criticism and worse, the talk was rather of sympathy, and every one stopped to speak of the good points, or the great brace the team took after Brown had scored, and the way it went at its work to even matters up. The partisanship of the audience at the Indian game rather added to this feeling, and to-day it is safe to say no team wearing the Yale blue carried more good-will from the university at large than that of Captain Rodgers.

The team itself is a strange one for Yale to send out. For years Yale teams have been quiet, steady, almost sullen; stiff in the defence, growing more and more stubborn as the play approached their goal; on the offensive strong and relentless, hammering at the selected spot until they forced their way little by little down to a touch-down and victory. Self-confident and self-reliant, almost without exception they have seldom had need of their coaches when in actual combat. The team of 1897, on the other hand, is brilliant, sensitive in the extreme, and as full of whims as a child. It is eager to learn, ready to do the bidding of coaches with spirit, but when the expected result fails to come, they turn for new instruction as to how to proceed.

Walter Camp.

FOOTBALL IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The football season in the Middle West opens with greater possibilities than ever before. More men are trying for the respective teams, and consequently competition is making the men work harder, and its ultimate result is that the teams are far better than they were two or three years ago, when there were only about eleven men trying for each team.

The Chicago University plays the largest number of games—*i. e.*, Northwestern, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan—but does not play Minnesota nor Purdue. Michigan plays Chicago, Purdue, and Minnesota. Wisconsin plays Chicago, Minnesota, and Northwestern. Minnesota meets Purdue, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and on the Saturday after Thanksgiving plays Oberlin. Northwestern meets only Chicago and Wisconsin, and Purdue plays Illinois, Minnesota, and Michigan. The Chicago Athletic Club has had a great deal of difficulty arranging games this year, owing to a rule adopted by the Western Inter-collegiate Association which forbids the university teams' playing teams which do not represent educational institutions.

The C. A. A., First Regiment, and Illinois Cycling Club are this year doing their best to regain the confidence of the Western universities, and I sincerely hope they will be successful. It is certainly gratifying to see that Aldrich, one of the men expelled by the C. A. A. last year for playing at Pittsburg, has not subjected himself again to criticism by playing with the other five men on the Bankers Athletic Club team.

Chicago University opens the season with eight of her last year's team in college, having the positions of left tackle, left end, and right guard to fill. Fox is playing left end, and, for a Freshman, is doing well. For the guard and tackle positions Anderson and Bowdish are the most promising candidates. Of the last year's team, Cavanaugh, Hammill, Gardiner, and Captain Hershberger are doing the best work.

Chicago has a good team, the best I have seen on Marshall Field, and, with such a good kicker as Hershberger, the aggressive play will be strong. Aside from being a good kicker, he runs well with the ball, and is making the best captai nChicago has ever had. She is relying on alumni coaching to help Mr. Stagg.

Wisconsin loses many of her last year's team, and the loss of such men as Richards, Atkinson, Pyre, and Karel will be felt. Peel is filling Karel's place at half-back, and O'Dea, at full-back, is a good kicker, but cannot advance the ball as did Richards. Riorden, at guard, is playing his old position, and it is to be hoped that his duties as captain will not affect his playing, as he is a good guard. Holmes and Bran are filling the tackle positions left vacant by Atkinson and Pyre, but as yet they have not shown the form of their predecessors. Gregg, at quarter, handles the team well, and runs well with the ball, and is a good tackler.

Wisconsin is being coached by Phil King, and although lacking in heavy material, has plenty of men, and we may expect to see a good team.

Minnesota has the heaviest team in the West. Harrison, their re-elected captain, plays left end, and was the best end rush I saw in the West last year. He also advances the ball well, and had he used better judgment last year the results of two games would not have been as they now stand.

Minnesota has good backs. Loomis, at full-back, is a good kicker, and hits the line well. Smith, last year's tackle, is playing guard, breaks through well, and runs well with the ball. Finlayson, at centre, is good, although comparatively light for the position; knows the game, is quick, and plays hard and consistent ball. Jerrems (Yale, '96) is coaching the team again.

University of Illinois starts the season with a bright outlook. The team plays a fast, snappy game. Coffren, at right end, is doing good work, as is Forbes, at full-back. Enoch and Van Owen are also good men, and reasonably sure of the team. Shuler, at quarter, runs the team well and gets lots of work out of the men. The team will miss Sconce, last year's half-back, and Pixley, a tackle, both strong players. Illinois is unfortunate in not having more large games, although she plays the Indians in Chicago on November 20. Huff (Dartmouth) and Smith (Princeton) are coaching the team. The team is using Princeton's revolving-tandem play with good success.

The Purdue team is light, but is learning football under the direction of Church of Princeton. Although beaten by Oberlin, it is too early in the season to judge what the team will be when it meets Minnesota and Michigan the latter part of November.

Purdue will miss Jamison, last year's quarter-back; Sears is doing well, but lacks experience. Moore is a good back and the best ground-gainer on the team, and is making a good captain. Hall, at end, is doing good work, as is Bond, at tackle. Alward, at right tackle, is too anxious, and loses much by being off-side.

Purdue has not as good a team this year as she has had in the past, owing to lack of material.

Michigan, for some reason, has started rather poorly, having many new men. Furbert, last year's half-back, will be a great loss to the team, as he was a good ground-gainer. Teetzel, at end, is doing fair, but is green, and it will take a great deal of work to get him up to a first-class end. Henry, at half-back, is a strong runner and a good tackler, but is rather light for a 'varsity man. Snow, last year's tackle on the scrub, is playing on the 'varsity, and breaks through well, runs well with the ball, and knows the game. Bennett has been moved from guard, where he played last year, to end; he is a big but fast man, and a good tackler. Hannon, at full-back, is a good kicker, and hits the line well, but does not put as much spirit into his play as he should. Richards, who seems to be sure of quarter, is a good general, gets into the interference in good shape, and if his knee, which kept him out of the game last year, does not go back on him, we will see him make one of the best quarters in the West.

Michigan is relying on alumni coaches, and Furbert, as head coach, is gradually rounding the men into shape.

Michigan's tie game with Ohio Wesleyan was due more to poor officials than to poor playing on Michigan's part.

Northwestern's prospects are not of the brightest. The loss of such men as Van Doozer, Potter, and Pierce will be felt, and the new men are not doing as well as was expected of them. Swings is playing guard, and with Thorne will make a good pair. Perry and Sibberton will make a good set of backs, Perry being especially good. Hunter, as quarter, is good, but, unless he gets more life into his men, cannot expect to have a team up to last year's standard.

Beloit's team is only fair Its good showing against Northwestern was due more to Northwestern's weakness than to its own good play. Childs, Bungle, and Merrill are the best men.

Comments on the games played on and after October 23 will be reserved for next article.

Ralph T. Hoagland.

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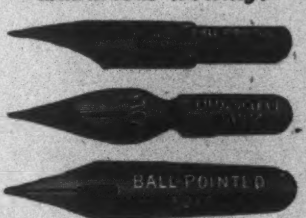

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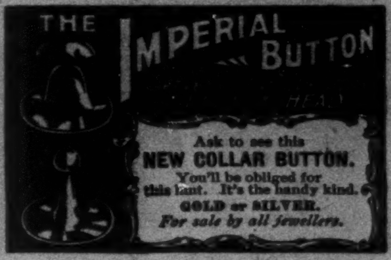

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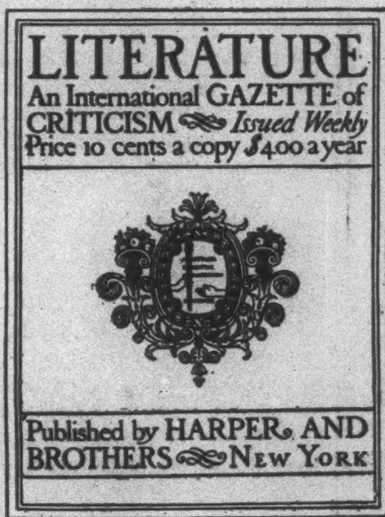

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